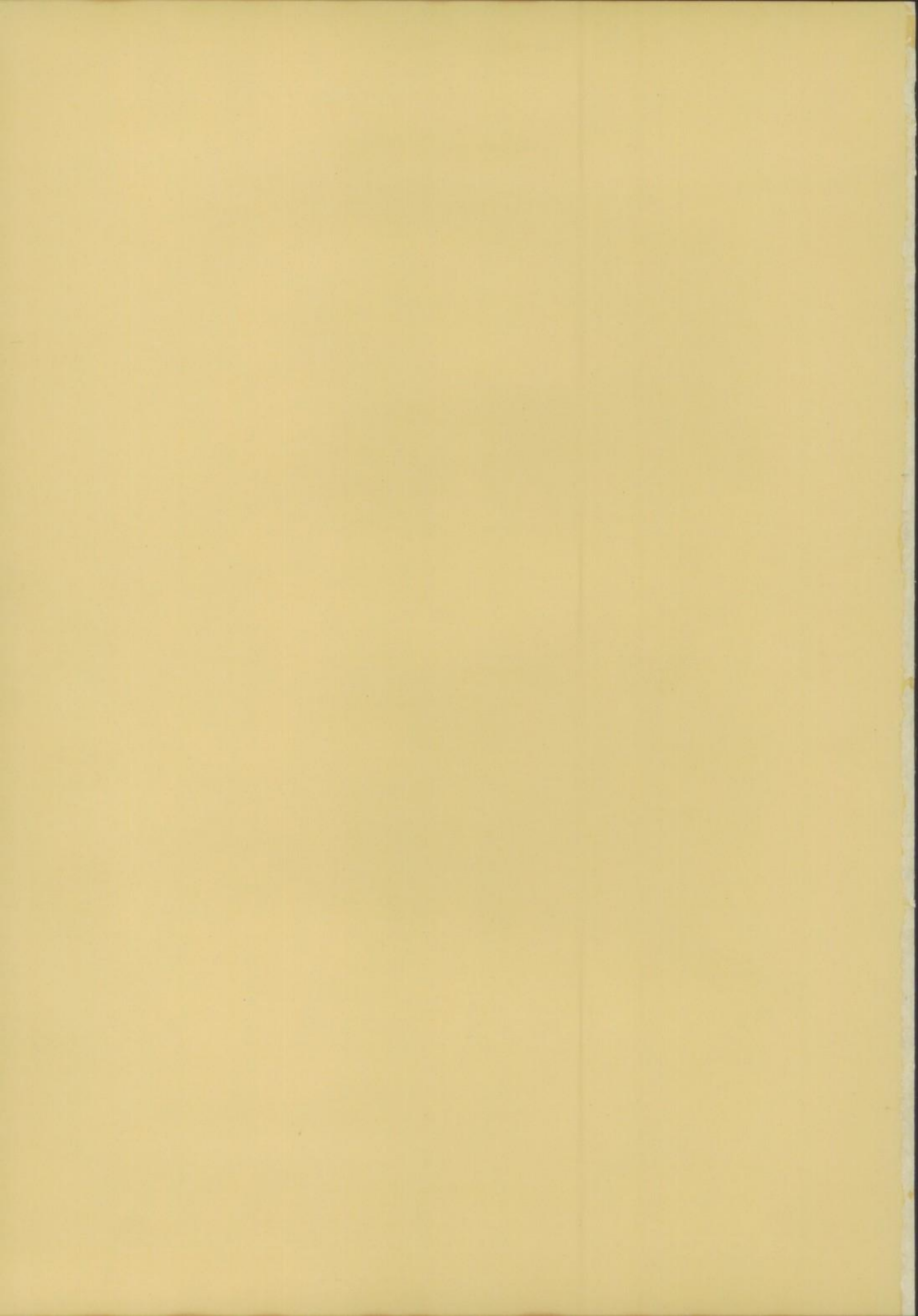


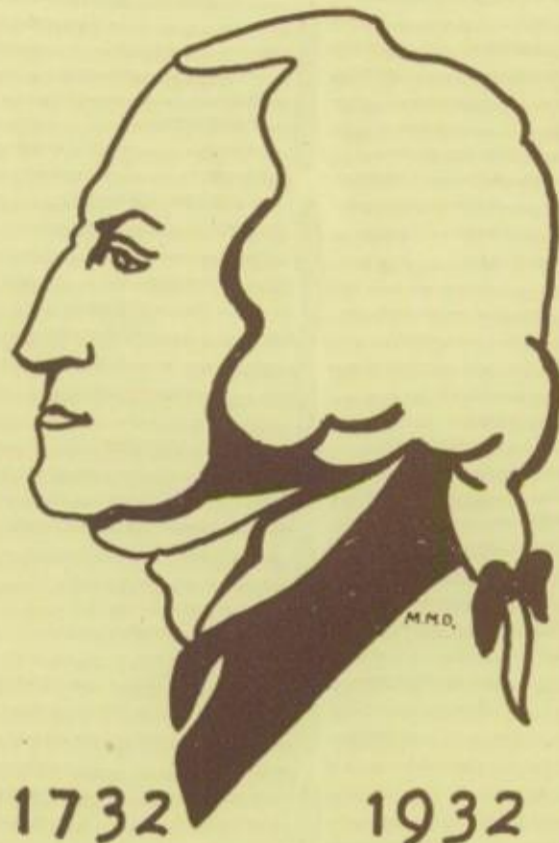
The
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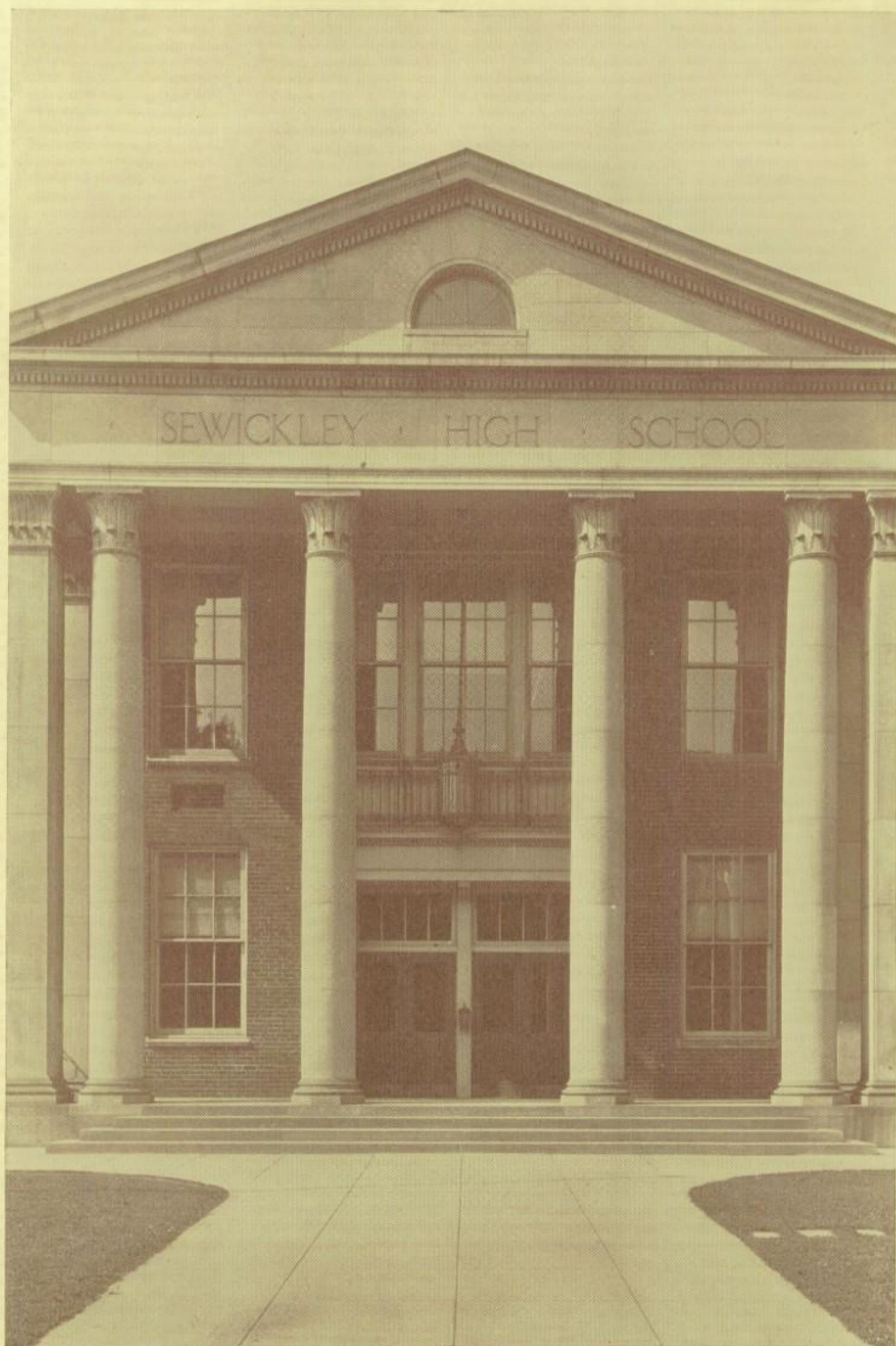


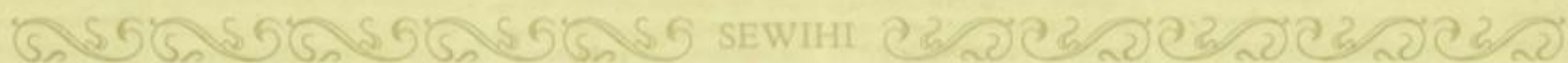


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The Sewihi

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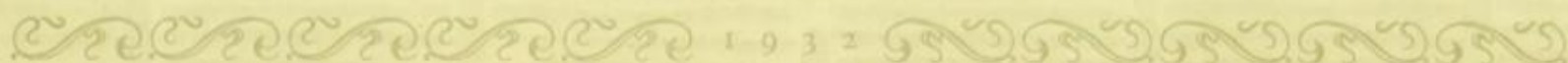


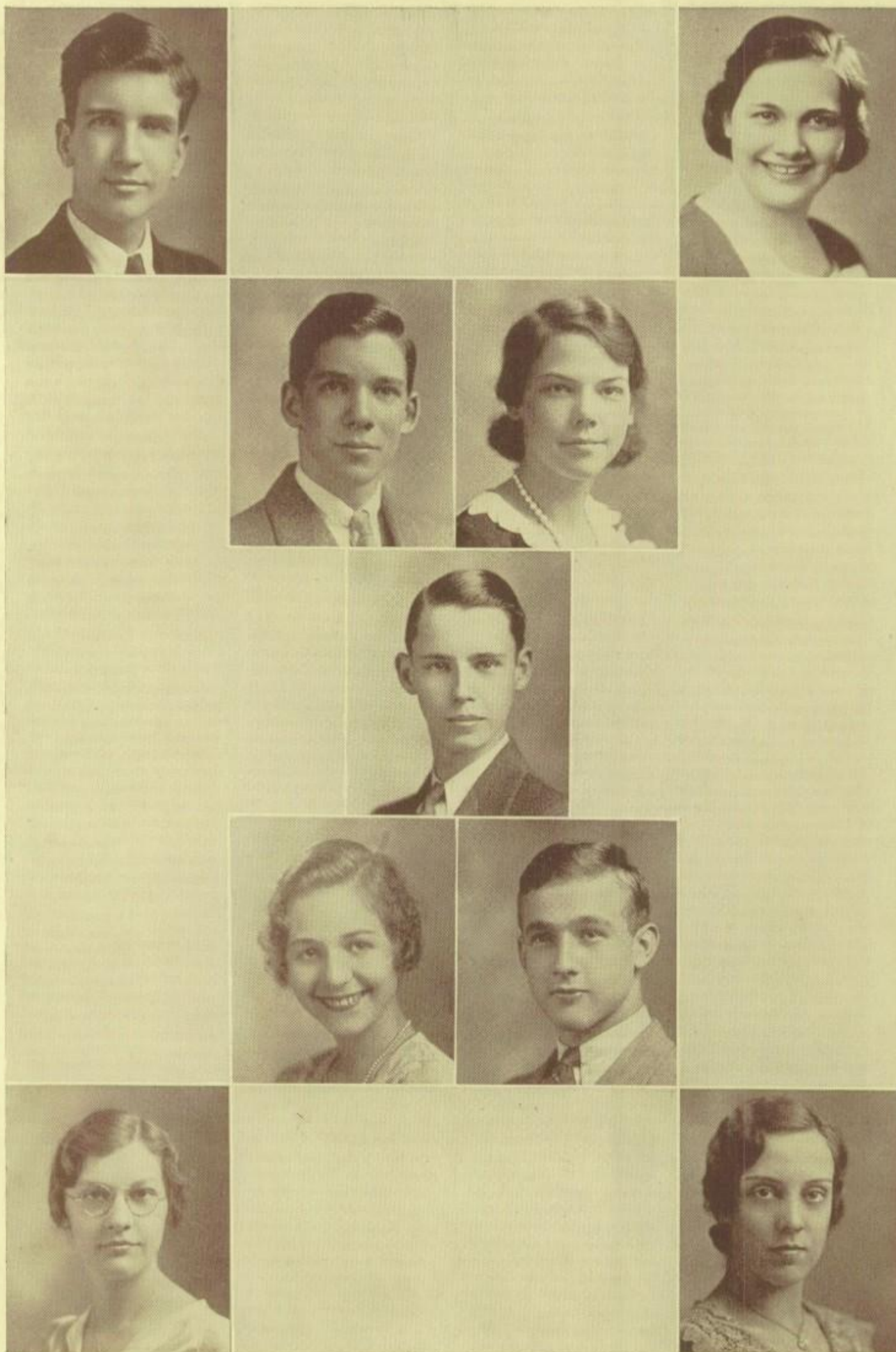
SEWICKLEY

PENNSYLVANIA

VOLUME 10

1932





The Staff

9

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EDWARD J. RUFF

Activities Editor

MARY MARTHA DRYNAN

Art Editor

MARY JOSITA ROACH

Stenographer



FOREWORD



In presenting these pages of prose, poetry, and pictures, we hope they will be an enduring record of the school year of 1931-1932. This is only one of the blocks in an edifice that is being slowly and laboriously constructed through the efforts of the students of Sewickley High School. It is for our successors to judge whether or not we succeeded in bearing our share of that important task. Herewith we present the 1932 Sewihi.





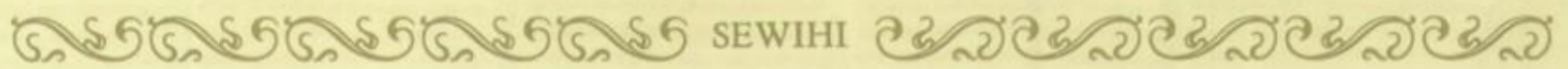
DEDICATION

,

For his keen appreciation of the duties resting upon him, for his sincere and active interest in student enterprise, for his capable and understanding leadership, and for his encouragement of the most worthwhile principles in scholarship and athletics, the students of Sewickley High School dedicate this tenth volume of the Sewihi to their principal--

STANLEY G. STROUP

Seven



The Board of Directors

9

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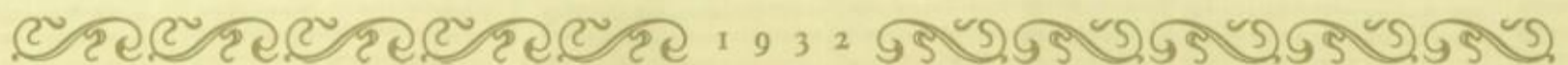
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G. G. APPLGATE

PAUL CRITCHLOW

Eight





L. H. CONWAY, A.B., M.A.

SUPERVISING PRINCIPAL

The students, and the Seniors especially, owe Mr. Conway a debt for his never failing endeavor to see that we distinguish between the substance and shadows of high school life. By his own example, we have been forcibly impressed with our responsibility both to uphold old traditions and to create new ideals. While insisting that mental accomplishment be not subordinated in the school ideal, he has encouraged extra activities, the home room programs being an outgrowth of this interest. His generosity and spirit of real friendliness we have now learned to admire as much as we had before respected his authority.

MRS. RHODA L. PETERSON, A.B.

Mrs. Peterson has gained the enviable reputation of being the "Mother" of the Senior Class, and well she deserves that affectionate title, for she looks after all our wants and desires, and worries with maternal anxiety about our escapades. Her implicit faith in our abilities makes us sometimes wish we deserved her oft-bestowed praise. Her first interest is her "family," and each year, she cheerfully looks forward to adopting a new brood, and firmly believes it will surpass all others.





The Faculty

Sewickley High School

L. H. CONWAY	-	-	-	-	-	Supervising Principal
STANLEY G. STROUP	-	-	-	-	-	Principal of the High School
RHODA L. PETERSON	-	-	-	-	-	Latin
MARY E. HUBBELL	-	-	-	-	-	German and English
AMY E. KERR	-	-	-	-	-	English
HAZEL M. KOEHLER	-	-	-	-	-	French
ROBERT T. THOME	-	-	-	-	-	Mathematics
VICTOR J. BOLIN	-	-	-	-	-	Physics and Chemistry
J. ARTHUR GILL	-	-	-	-	-	Science and Biology
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HARRIS B. WINNE	-	-	-	-	-	Physical Education
MARGARET MCGINNIS	-	-	-	-	-	Junior High School History
RUTH SIMPSON	-	-	-	-	-	Junior High School English
MARTHA E. TRUBY	-	-	-	-	-	Junior High School Science
LOUISE G. WARD	-	-	-	-	-	Junior High School Mathematics
GRACE E. FICKINGER	-	-	-	-	-	Junior High School English
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ANNE W. SPRIGGS	-	-	-	-	-	Librarian

Ten



CLASSES

Autographs

Hazel M. Fickler-Francais

J. Arthur Gill

Bessie L. Ego

The Class of 1932

,

President	- - - - -	WILLIAM E. JETTER
Vice President	- - - - -	WILSON TIERNAN
Secretary-Treasurer	- - - - -	EDWARD J. RUFF

MOTTO

TODAY WE FOLLOW; TOMORROW WE LEAD

COLORS

BROWN AND GOLD

FLOWER

YELLOW ROSE

First Honors	- - - - -	JAMES B. FULLMAN
Second Honors	- - - - -	WILLIAM E. JETTER
Class History	- - - - -	BEATRICE MCFARLAND
Class Will	- - - - -	BERNICE BRAWLEY
Class Donors	- GLADYS HAMILTON, ETHEL CHUBB, DAVID WALKINGSHAW	
Class Prophet	- - - - -	EDWARD J. RUFF

FLORENCE J. AZAR

"Bunny," as she loves to be called, is quite a popular young lady. Flo prefers the boys and good times to studies. She finds Life both pleasant and attractive; not least among her pleasures is driving the Ford. What, we wonder, can be the attraction in New York? Whatever (or whoever) it may be, Flo pops off to the big city every once in a while.



PAUL BALLEs

Pete has distinguished himself in not a few school activities, but his best work was in connection with Sewickley High drama. Not only is he familiar with stagecraft, but he acts equally well—remember how that trim uniform became him as Captain Wheatley in "The King Rides By?" Full of fun and always pleasant, Pete can enter into good times as few of us can, and his splendid work as social chairman of the Hi-Y will not soon be forgotten by that group.

RUTH A. BENZENHOEFER

Ruth just can't keep her pep from bubbling over—a case of blues simply cannot be while she's around. Popular and active, she never passes up a dance or social, and has helped along many a party with her contagious laughter. That she is capable of things more serious she showed by her excellent performance in "The King Rides By." Ruth manages to survive through several of her classes without Frances.



JAMES E. BOYD

Here we have "Mighty," and how well that name fits him. Jimmy is certainly versatile when it comes to athletics as witness his selection on the all star team. Jimmy's pluck and grit carried the various teams through many a tough spot to come out on top. Socially Jimmy is much in demand also, and he seems to enjoy himself particularly well in the company of a Sophomore—if it isn't the girl, why then it is Don.

ANTONIO BOVA

Tony is one of the biggest men in the class of '32, speaking both literally and figuratively. Because of his willingness to assist in any school activity, Tony's smile and good nature are familiar to every one in school. His ability to play football is recognized by all—the team, the students, and even his opponents! He also participated in the trombone contests of the Forensic League, in which he performed nobly.



BERNICE A. BRAWLEY

The most nonchalant person in all Sewickley High is Bernice. She's never been known to be in a hurry, and she drawls out everything she says. All she lacks is a Murad. Bernice has rendered valuable service as a member of the debating team and on "The Oracle" staff. In spite of all evidences of an extra supply of gray matter, she has a ready smile and is just about everyone's pal.

GEORGE A. CAMPBELL

George is one of the favored few when it comes to riding in Willard Doty's car; in fact, if the truth be told, George can be found with Willard in classes, between classes, and out of school; someone says that they even take out library books together! A very unobtrusive chap, George is, nevertheless, quite well-known; this fame was helped along by Chubbie and the Algebra III class last year, where George gained renown for wit.



SHIRLEY H. CAMPBELL

What would the Senior French class do without Shirley to quote rules and idioms? Shirley professes to be bored most of the time; but that she can be energetic is proved by her debating and her wizardry at bridge. For sparkling conversation, she has no peer, and if you want to argue, choose someone more easily out-talked, and more likely to be vanquished. Perhaps that is why she's such a good debater—a fascinating one at any rate.

ELIZABETH CAVIN

One of our most ardent students, Elizabeth is consistently faithful to all her lessons; for not one moment can she be found resting on the job. Her efforts prove very valuable to her, for she is seldom without a ready answer to any question that may arise in class, and she never fails to recite. Who knows but what the future may find Elizabeth a teacher?



FRANCES CHALLIS

If by chance you don't know Fran, you're missing one of life's happy experiences. Pretty and pleasant, she is our best example of a dignified Senior. We find her ever showing what the well-dressed girl should wear; her interest in clothes may account for her skill with a needle. As much at ease with a racket as a brush, Fran has shown no small skill at both tennis and sketching. With this, and that, and the other thing, Frances has a busy time.

RUTH CHALLIS

Originality is the keynote to Ruth's personality. Be it dance, play, or what have you, her advice and services are always sought, and are always most graciously given. She's an artist, and yet our most athletic girl. You'll find her at every social event, high school or otherwise, for not a few have been charmed by her winning ways. A splendid executive, she has served in more than one Girl Reserve cabinet.



ETHEL LOUISE CHUBB

Just as she can be depended upon to bring home blue ribbons from horse shows, so Ethel excels in other lines. Her all-round ability and dependability won her a membership in the National Honor Society, and if you saw "Jazz and Minuet" and "The King Rides By," there will be not the slightest shade of doubt in your mind as to her dramatic talents. As for her dancing—well, ask the boys about that! She's truly versatile.

GEORGE H. CHUBB, JR.

Chubbie is our most famous athlete, and participates with equal skill in all the interscholastic sports. He does not limit his endeavor to athletics, however, and the discussions he raises in Economics and English are truly classic, and are convincing evidence of his versatility. Popular with everyone, some one has imposed upon Chubb's good-natured friendliness by suggesting he write his memoirs to be called "My Life in Sewickley High" or "Me and Mr. Thome."



ISABEL CLARK

"High above the common herd," Clarkie is usually seen with her allies, Anne or Fern. Although gifted as typist, and lyricist (witness the Class Song), she is better known for that "cackle," so often heard in study hall and so great a mystery to the teachers. Anyone who saw her on St. Patrick's Day can testify to her loyal support of the Emerald Isle! Peculiar girl, Isabel — for some reason, she regards the unusual 6760-A as her lucky number!

ROBERT COCHRAN

As manager of both the football and basketball teams, Bob has proved himself a consistent and actively loyal supporter of our major sports. In golf, too, he seems adept at turning in winning scores. Bob also scribbles reports for "The Oracle" in such a way as to reflect the greatest credit on himself and the columns. Active as a member of the Stage Guild, the speaking stage, too, has laid claims to his talents.

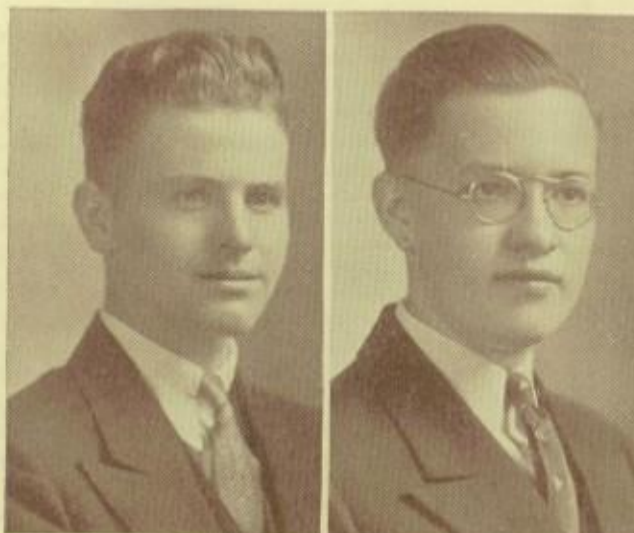


JOE COOK

Joe is one of Sewickley High's more prominent bids for athletic fame, as his list of activities will readily show. Football, basketball, baseball and what have you! Full of pep, mischief, and fun—that's Joe. Good looking, good dancer—what more do you want? Joe gets along fairly well with his teachers, especially Mr. Thome (what would "Solid" be without him?). So far his heart seems to have remained whole — but who can tell?

ROBERT P. DE COULAZ

While playing his violin, or while conversing with some French student (yes, they all find talking with Bob is the best practice), Bob maintains a happy attitude, and refuses to let anything mar his pleasant outlook. Much as he likes his music, his real hobby is scribbling verses, and his work is really good as some of his poetry in another part of this book will prove. Bob radiates friendliness—so may he long enjoy life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness!



WILLARD DOTY

Willard is the poet laureate of the Senior Class, and he bids fair to rival Shakespeare and Milton. He is one of the more studious members of the Senior class, but we really suspect the appearance of diligence. It does not seem to interfere with Willard's fun-loving propensities. His jokes will come at opportune moments. He seems to enjoy his Buick and De Molay more than anything else.



JAMES DOUGHTY

A giggle—then a masculine laugh—what's that? Oh, it's Jim teasing the girls again, and they don't seem to mind it especially. Perhaps it's because of Jim's engaging personality and his line of crisp cracks. He is also noted for his athletic prowess and his optimistic attitude—nothing ever seeming to bother or disturb him. Jim succeeds a long line of Doughtys in jollity and fun.



JACK DREYBUS

May we present our George Arliss, our Lionel Barrymore, our Walter Huston, or whom have you? Jack is perhaps our most accomplished and versatile actor, as one may easily judge from a survey of the many different roles he has portrayed. However, Jack does not limit his entertaining ability to dramatics; we all appreciate the fact that many a dull class has been enlivened by his witty and timely comments.



EDWARD ELLIS

Ed is one of the famous ball players from Ellis Hill, which seems to have a monopoly on the major portion of Sewickley's fly-chasers. Eddie is, as yet, entirely unaffected by the girls' whims and wiles—which is certainly a good way to be. At times, Eddie exhibits a spirit of peacefulness and repose which extends into a spirit of perfect optimism and relaxation.



JOHN ELLIS

John seems to be one of those "big, silent, strong men" we hear so much about. His ability on the gym floor and the baseball field is a characteristic which is envied by many of the lesser lights who are less capable than he. But athletics are not the only field in which John excels; his talent for music was thoroughly demonstrated by his excellent performance in the Minstrel and Stage Show.



KENNETH EMMERT

Here we have "K," one of the most industrious and dependable members of this great and illustrious class of '32. Yet he never rushes hither and thither furiously, but seems to accomplish his tasks in a rather leisurely manner. He fully demonstrated his musical ability and his capacity for comedy in that celebrated Minstrel and Stage Show, which uncovered a great deal of our hitherto hidden talent.



J. RUSSELL EMMERT

Russ is one of those fellows who seem to enjoy always being with a few choice friends—certain ones in particular, of course, but everyone in school finds him ready for fun. His conversation makes him interesting, and so the girls and he get along famously. Russ has the "bel air," and to live up to his manly grace, is always impeccably attired. His great weakness is to talk with Art in study hall.



FRANCES FERGUSON

Although she has been with us just this last year, Frances is one of the best known members of The Class of Thirty-Two. The Ferguson smile has become one of the pleasant features of our Senior life. Frances comes quite a distance each day, the Ferguson "maison" being on far Coraopolis Heights. She eats sandwiches with Ruth at noon and smiles at all the boys. What a girl!



DOROTHY FISHER

It's hard to decide just what to say about Dot,—she does so much. It seems all year 'round she's busy at basketball, soccer, baseball, tennis, and home-room committees. When it comes to "sight-reading" in Latin she takes our breath away! And have you ever noticed what a wide-spread acquaintance she has among the youngsters? How she does it is a puzzle to us, at least.

VIVIAN FORD

Here is one whose specialty is the piano. Vivian can read music with the best of them; she's a good accompanist, too. Her basketball, too, has caused her opponents many an anxious moment. Her weakness is an insistence on entering the report room with the tardy buzzer; bitter experience has not, we fear, served to teach a lesson.



JAMES B. FULLMAN

Jim is known far and wide as musician, actor, and assistant editor of "The Oracle," but his chief claim to fame lies in his ability as a scientist; he easily disposes of the most difficult equation in Chemistry. Most of all, Jim likes his photography, but not to the extent of neglecting the yellow Jordan and his "Matilda." Besides being in a number of activities, he has a good time and manages to drag down A's in all his subjects. Voilà un homme!

RUTH ELIZABETH GRASON

Elizabeth is another of our commercial students, a most capable and faithful one at that, for one can be sure always that her lessons are prepared. In Economics and English, too, she surpasses quite a few of us. Each day she comes down from the Heights to school, and if she continues her diligent work, there is no doubt in our minds that she will some day reach the heights.



FLORENCE MAE GREUEY

There is some purpose for every nickname, and we have found a reason for "Flip." When playing basketball, she just "flips" the ball into the basket every time. In fact, while a basketball player, she excels in all athletics, and is an enthusiastic participant in all contests. She has another great asset which makes us all envious, and that is her golden, wavy hair. Her devotion to us brought her back after two years absence to graduate with us.

JOSEPH E. HALEY

Here we have one of the more mischievous members of the class of '32. Think of it—a member of the Student Council, yet he seems to be able to get in and out of scrapes more quickly than anyone. Perhaps it is because he's so agreeable and engaging in spirit. Joe is quite versatile, and he follows in the footsteps of his big brother in carrying on in the orchestra and its work. Football has claimed his time, too.



GLADYS A. HAMILTON

To all appearances, Gladys is the very personification of Senior Dignity, but those who know her find she has a jolly sense of humor. She's part of the trio of Patton, Hamilton, and Sickeler, and although she, too, lives in Edgeworth, Sewickley can claim her, for Gladys has been a member of our class since Freshman days. That she is courageous, too, Gladys proved one day when she accepted a ride in the Williams-Mummey car.

MARGARET LOUISE HANDY

Peg's personality is at once engaging and teasing. Many a time she has had someone's heart in his mouth, what with her habit of giving away little secrets better left unknown. Her brand of swimming is no secret, however, and she has paced the boards, and help run up scores in basketball games both here and at the "Y." Peggy is more often than not seen with Anne Jennings.



WILLIAM F. HELMER

Bill is one of the most athletic members of the Senior class, preferring sports to books (and can he be blamed very much?). Still he gets along very well with the teachers, which must be a sign of executive ability. Bill is one of Centennial Avenue's contributions to the glory of S. H. S., and he is quite popular with the fellows and—I'll bet you can't guess it—the girls.

HATTIE JACKSON

It is with deep regret that we part from "Jack" whose genius at mathematics is well known. It seems that all tall people are mathematically inclined. We don't know, but maybe this flair for mathematics gives Hattie her skill in Physics and Sewing. Many is the time we've watched her skim through experiments, and put in hems with ease. A truly enviable person is Hattie.

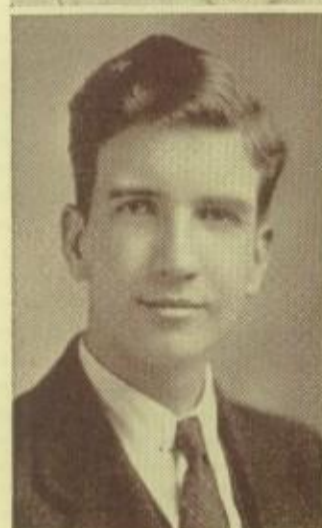


ANNE JENNINGS

Wherever there's anything exciting going on, Anne is right in the midst (and sometimes the cause) of it. An unequalled enthusiasm for sports and a faithful devotion to studies and "The Oracle" make her a most valued member of our illustrious class. As full of life as she is tall, her smile is almost perpetual, and she is altogether the jolliest and most friendly of us all. Anne finds time to visit Sally almost every noon in Room 220.

WILLIAM E. JETTER

Equally at ease while acting, debating, or conducting a meeting, Bill has distinguished himself in many lines of endeavor, and his rank as salutatorian serves to emphasize his capabilities still further. Although his numerous responsibilities take much of his time, we always find him peppy and flashing a smile that would do justice to Chevalier. Popular with everybody, Bill is always ready for a social or dance—even when he was worried about the business tangles of the 1932 "Sewifi."



MICHAEL H. JOSEPH

Ladies and gentlemen, in this corner we have "Minnie"—in other words Mike Joseph. He's always ready for a bit of rough and tumble, a little fun or mischief. He and Tony always have their little setting-up exercise at noon, weather permitting, and it is quite a spectacle. Mike has been one of the mainstays of the football team for the past three years, playing a wonderful game in the line.

WILLIAM J. KAIN

Bill is one of the self-effacing members of the class of '32, though how he does it is a mystery to us looking on. All jokes aside, Bill is a mighty nice fellow, and nothing seems to disturb the calm surface of his mind. Although quiet, Bill is always full of fun and is quite fond of practical jokes. When the opponents of S. H. S. saw him on our football line, they quickly shot their plays 'round the other side.



MARY ELIZABETH KEDAR

Mary is the next of our basketball stars. There must be six of them, anyway, who feel most happy when shooting baskets. Mary is a diligent worker, and in some miraculous manner always manages to have her lessons done right and on time. Her willingness to co-operate is also well known. Little but efficient, quiet but friendly, smiling gently on the world—that's Mary.

ISAAC KOHLER

Ike, it seems, refuses to give evidence of the superior scholastic ability we know him to have; he has, however, consented to prove to us that his athletic abilities are by no means limited; he has done some excellent work in track events. Ike likes his Latin, especially "Caesar;" at least it would seem that way from his constant devotion to his Latin.



KATHERINE KORDESCHICK

Another winsome lass whom we are proud to acknowledge is Katherine. She has been with us only two years, but through her genuine friendliness she has won many friends for herself. Her well-rounded arguments are almost a daily feature of English Class. Her straight-forward frankness in everything commands attention immediately. When one hears of a devilish plot, he can rest assured that "Corky" is implicated. Her eyes just dance with mischief.

JEANNE E. LOWERY

Senior boys who have devoted practically their four years of high school to judging feminine pulchritude acclaim Jeanne as the prettiest Senior. A member of the girls' tennis team four years, she proved herself a really fine player. She's an expert with the paintbrush and needle and has been in several plays. Jeanne's only fault is, that when driving the Ford, she takes her half of the road from the middle.



SARAH JANE MARUCA

Some business man will soon thank his lucky star for Sarah. System will come to chaos, papers slip to their right pigeon-holes, file cases take on order when this intelligent, efficient child enters her job. There will be no fuss nor chatter, but the work will be done right. We all admire those deep brown eyes and the slow, but sweet, smile that are Sarah's.

DAVID McCONNELL

For three years "Dan" has served ably and faithfully as one of those too-little-appreciated members of the Chapel Program Committee. The improved quality of our assemblies testifies as to the valuable service he has rendered. Dan is also renowned far and wide for his German hair-cut, his note-writing, his spelling, and his activities as one of the gang which includes Bill, Ralph, and Eddie.



BRADLEY McCORMICK

Hail to the editor-in-chief of all our publications! Much credit is due Brad for his competent management of "The Oracle" and "The Sewihi" during his two years as editor-in-chief of both publications. Brad excels in studies, too, especially history; he's practically an authority on Napoleon. One of the charter members of the National Honor Society, we find in Brad an exemplification of the qualities which are that organization's ideals.

BEATRICE McFARLAND

We never saw anyone else who had such a flow of language, but we admit her talk really is interesting and amusing. She also has a genius for short poems which have quite a bit of wit. As an actress she is very capable—did you hear her in hysterics? Indeed, she has been amply endowed by the Muses. And her good nature is really something to be envied—what?



FERN MECHLIN

Fern claims Fair Oaks as her home. She's our personification of "Jest and Youthful Jollity." 'Tis said that opposites attract each other; this being the case, we have an explanation for the friendship of Fern and Clarkie—the long and short of our class. Endowed with a sunny disposition, Fern makes friends wherever she goes; every Senior (and most of the rest of the school) knows this lively little miss.

TIMOTHY MERRILL

"T" enjoys the unique distinction of being the school's only member of the National Athletic Honor Society, members of which must be equally proficient in studies and sports. "T's" consistent good work at left-tackle did much for gaining our measure of success in football this year, and his work on the gym team is well known. His work in the classroom puts to shame those tempted to wail that "you can't be good in sports and subjects, too." Hats off to "T"!



PAUL JOSEPH MILLER

Here is one member of the class who can oversee everything—and that includes rival centers on the basketball-floor! Paul (or Sleepy as he is better known) is an excellent Chemistry student, but his too-ready answers often have earned a good grade for someone else. Paul likes to pun, especially in Chemistry class. If you want him he will be found doing one of two things—sleeping, or doing something somewhere with Sam.

RALPH C. MILLER, JR.

Ralph is a new-comer to our school, but he has quickly made a host of friends, and is included in the group of Eddie, Dan, and Bill. Already he has gained a reputation in his studies that anyone might well be proud of; especially in American History does he find a joy in arguing little known, but significant points. Ralph is the only member of our class to have enjoyed the distinction of acting in the movies.



CLYDE MOON

Since Clyde lives in Carnot, he often gets to school as early as Mr. Bolin, and thus manages to get his Chemistry experiments written at the right time; he's never known that hectic last-minute rush to get his work completed. Industrious though we know him to be, Clyde has a particular aversion to rushing, and never does. Clyde's brand of humor renders him exclusive, and one has to understand really to appreciate.

JOHN MUMMEY

Here's our star gymnast—the handsome "Tarzan," who makes the girls' hearts go faster as he performs his feats of skill and strength on the horizontal bar. Gymnastics are but one of his many interests, for the Ford (of which he is half owner), basketball, and baseball all have claimed a goodly share of his attention. He's Bill Pyle's idol and—did we hear someone mention West View?



ALBERT MURPHY

Bud's greatness lies along athletic lines, and the name he has made justifies all the effort he has put forth. Called upon not a few times to call signals in football games, Bud handled his job with rare skill and finish; in basketball, too, he has proved valuable at crucial moments. Liking his food and good times, Bud seems to be an avowed Epicurean, and firmly believes that there is absolutely no point to hurrying. Try to hide it as he will, his pep is not unknown.

RUTH NARDO

Ruth actually walks from Shields every day. If that is what makes her a good basketball player, everyone will be walking to school soon. We wonder if Ruth is ever angry; she never looks that way. For a smile few are her equal and as a personification of pep, vim, and vigor she is not surpassed. She belongs to the "Commercial Inseparables."



ADELLA E. MINICK

Adella is another of our commuters; she hails from "Stonedale" on Sewickley Heights. The sixth member of her family to be graduated from our noble institution, she helps make the Senior class the illustrious group it is. This year found Adella on duty as a member of the traffic squad; her smiling face gave offenders a most guilty conscience. Her sweet voice brought her into publicity in pre-Forensic singing contests.

DOROTHY E. PATTON

Not famed for being particularly quiet, Dorothy can always be found in the midst of loud and jolly fun. Economics students will vouch for the fact that she did much indispensable work as Mrs. Egolf's stenographer. Dorothy has three hobbies — debating with Miss Andrews, the movies, and riding in a Plymouth. We think she mostly enjoys the latter two.



SAMUEL PORTO

Tootin' Sam, that busy man
Who plays on the clarinet—

A terrible piece of verse, but it represents Sam's highest accomplishment. What would the orchestra and Mrs. Egolf do without him! Next to his clarinet, Sam seems to like the lab and Room 220 the best. Curly hair, a wide smile—can you blame the girls especially?

GEORGE PURDY

Another of our star athletes! "Putts" is able to perform with equal ability in football, basketball, tennis, or baseball, and he has acquired a reputation in all of these sports. He also was one of those who helped plan graduation; the Senior Dance, especially, was a product of his efforts. He is always seen at every social function, generally in the company of a certain very pretty lass.



ALICE B. PURVIS

Though Sue comes from Edgeworth, we think her main interest is Sewickley, for more reasons than one. She is that adorable type of young person who looks so sweet and lovely in frills and tucks, and who is just as sweet as she looks. She is an expert at the piano, but pipe organ playing is her high ambition.

WILLIAM L. PYLE

Bill is famed for his exploits on the golf course and in the pitcher's box. It is thrilling, indeed, to listen to Bill relating his experiences in these sports, and, we think, still more interesting to observe him in action. Practically inseparable from John Mummey (whom he affectionately calls Uncle Hoover), Bill is a real friend. Although his sense of humor is certainly a most individual one, Bill is known by it, and is popular with everyone.



MARY JOSITA ROACH

And now we introduce "Jo," the class's wittiest and most humorous. The knack of twisting sensible words and sentences into absurdities is distinctly hers. She does have her serious moments, and is quite the envy of all the bookkeeping students. At typing, too, she's gifted; all the "Sewihi" manuscripts were done by "Jo." She plays the piano admirably, and—oh, yes, we mustn't fail to mention that she's half of the school's most famous tap-dancing team.

EDWARD J. RUFF

Ed graces many a phase of school life with his talents. On the football team, in plays, in debate, in public speaking, and on the Sewihi staff, his confidence has proved to be a real driving force. Lessons, too, present no difficulties. No wonder, then, that he this year was selected for a place in the National Honor Society. However great his persuasive powers may be, he never fully convinced Mrs. Peterson that the whole "Aeneid" is "just poetic license."



CECILE RUPERT

Always dignified, Cecile goes among us in her quiet way, making it her business to avoid trouble, and never to worry anyone. When she expresses an opinion in English class, you can be certain that it is valuable and the result of careful thought. We wonder what field attracts Cecile more—the business world or domestic duties. Have you noticed the diamond she wears on a certain finger?

ELIZABETH RYE

In our midst are many clever persons of which Elizabeth is not one of the least. She is one of our busiest members, whether for work or play. The honor roll would not be complete without her though she hasn't lived up to her I. Q. She turns the piano itself into music. The stage, too, has been a scene for her activity. In fact, she is a staunch supporter of all our social and athletic functions. Such members as she make a class a real success.



CHARLES R. SCHLUMPF

"Inkdy" bolstered up our basketball and football teams for two years, and he certainly made a fine job of it. Next to sports he cares for—can you guess it?—the young ladies. And because of his curly hair, flair for clothes, and wide smile, this feeling seems to be reciprocated in a large measure. His greatest difficulty is to keep awake from 3 to 4 P. M., but when a fellow can talk why study English?

KATHERINE SCHURING

We scarcely ever see Katherine without her smile. Nor do we see her very often without her pal, "Jack." To Katherine the last English class owes much for saving them from disaster by her interesting opinions. We also see that she wears a very pretty De Molay pin. Since when have girls been members of that organization?



ARTHUR L. SHEATS

Art is one of the stand-bys of the gym team. His work was one of the main factors in our boys' successful showing against Ben Avon in the first meet of the season. The little chap on top of the pyramids was usually Art, who shows no small skill in his performances on the horizontal bar and flying rings, too. Although not usually noisy, Art has to be separated from Johnny Ellis and Russ Emmert in the afternoon study-hall.

GEORGE F. SHELDON, JR.

Of all things in the world, George loves a good joke, sleep, and philately the most. His happy, philosophical view of life has given him a rare knack of being satisfied all the time. Every Senior knows how he appreciates jokes, Miss Kerr knows how he appreciates sleep, but few know of his stamp-collecting. George tends his stamps with loving care. For obvious reasons, we think George is greatly interested in the Junior class—or part of it.



HUGH SLOAN

No, that's not a permanent wave you see in his picture; it is perfectly natural. It's the kind of crop raised in the metropolis of Edgeworth, and "Stiny's" is a great advertisement. His singing voice, also, is listed among the most valuable assets of the school. He makes his way to and from our institution of learning in a Willys-Knight coupe, which we will always associate with him.

SALLY SMART

This particular Sally down this particular alley is our most charming hostess, and not a few of our social events have been graced by her attractive personality. Like her pal, Anne, she does sports in a big way—her skill in basketball made her one of the mainstays of the Senior team. She's efficient as an executive, too, as we see from her work as graduation chairman. A winsome and capable lass—Sally.



MARY ANN SPEC

Mary will some day be somebody's prim and neat stenographer. She's very business-like but also very amiable, and has a smile for everyone. Most of her time is spent enacting the role of peacemaker between members of that famous (or notorious) commercial department clique. Mary has heaped laurels on herself by her skill as guard on the Senior basketball team.

CHARLES E. STONE

Stoney, who admits he is the world's greatest tennis player, is the great enigma of the Senior class. He economizes on words, but his dry comments have a great deal of depth, and although he would have us think otherwise, he is a very studious chap. Ask him about Economics! Girls hold no interest for Lapis, who promises to be on hand to gather up Tilden's laurels when he lets them fall.



WILSON TIERNAN

And still another athlete! "Bill" has been with us a little over two years, and during that time has distinguished himself admirably in the realms of football, basketball, gymnastics, and golf. A combination of good looks and athletic ability, such as this, certainly makes the girls' hearts beat faster, but the fair members of the Senior class don't have a chance; a certain Junior has an option on Bill.

GIZELLA WAGNER

Tall, pretty, and blonde, Gizella is one of the more sedate members of our class. Among her accomplishments are swimming, dancing, and cooking; her ability as a stenographer is undisputed. She served capably as President of the Girls' Student Council and received the high honor of membership in the National Honor Society. She's always willing to work hard for a good cause, and is the best friend anyone could have. What more could be wanted?



DAVID WALKINGSHAW

"Scotch" is the one who, in his capacity of cheerleader, keeps us full of pep, vim, and vigor during football and basketball games. But he doesn't let his enthusiasm wane after those seasons are over, for his good nature and broad smile are with us throughout the year. He is always active in all school affairs, and he and his Chevrolet are to be found at practically every function.

CHARLES P. WILLIAMS

Always at ease, Chuck has never been seen in a rush or angry. He has that rare gift of making the minutes fly faster with timely comments. With John Mummey he owns that green Ford, and so comes to school each day in Elizabethan state. His most marked inclination is to be absent on Monday (verb day in Senior French). That wavy hair is both the envy and despair of all the girls and serves to top off his perfect attire.



VIRGINIA PEARL YOUNG

Although Ginny is our smallest Senior, we would miss her very much if she were not around. She may be found wherever there is fun to be had. She is the jolly, laughing type, ready to take jokes, as well as make them. She hails from Haysville, which must be proud to have such a charming girl in its midst. To see Ginny in a serious mood would be most unusual.

HELEN ZERR

Last but by no means least is our Helen. Although she appears to be very tall and stately, she is a good sport. A little dignity is always needed. She is a member of one of our numerous syndicates. This time the Zerr-Rupert-Young crowd. When it comes to the charm of her smile, Helen vies with anyone in school.



Activities

- PAUL BALLES—Stage Guild II, III, IV; Manager, Tennis III, IV; Thespian Club III, IV; Hi-Y II, III, IV; "The Brat;" "Jazz and Minuet;" "The King Rides By."
- RUTH BENZENHOEFER—Student Council I; Basketball I, II; Tennis III; Thespian Club IV; Dramatic Club II, III, IV; "The King Rides By;" Herald, Mid-Year Plays III.
- ANTONIO BOVA—Orchestra I, II, III, IV; Varsity Football III, IV; Basketball III; Forensic League IV; Athletic Club III; Science Club IV; Dramatic Club IV; "Minstrel" IV.
- JAMES BOYD—Football III, IV; Basketball II, III, IV; Golf Team IV; Hi-Y II, III, IV; Dramatics.
- GEORGE CAMPBELL—Science Club IV.
- SHIRLEY CAMPBELL—Debate III, IV; Basketball I, II; Glee Club IV; "The Brat."
- FRANCES CHALLIS—Girl Reserves I, II, III, IV; Art I, II, III, IV; Tennis I, II, III, IV; Basketball I, II; Domestic Science Club IV.
- RUTH CHALLIS—Tennis Team I, II, III, IV; Manager III, IV; Vice President, Student Council III; Girl Reserves I, II, III, IV; Secretary III, President I, IV; Basketball I, II, III, IV; Art I, II, III; Chapel Committee IV; Sewihi III; Thespian Club III, IV; Dramatic Club II, III, IV; Graduation Committee; National Honor Society IV; Chester Prize III; "High Heart;" "The King Rides By."
- BERNICE A. BRAWLEY—Oracle IV; Debate IV; Dramatic Club III, IV; Board of Trade Prize, Algebra I; Shorthand Contest III, IV.
- ETHEL CHUBB—Basketball I; Girl Reserves I, II, III, IV; Student Council III; Chapel Committee II, III, IV; Chairman IV; Treasurer, Tennis Club IV; Thespian Club II, III, IV; Dramatic Club II, III, IV; Secretary-Treasurer IV; Washington Essay Prize IV; National Honor Society IV; "The King Rides By;" "Jazz and Minuet;" Herald for Mid-Year Plays II.
- GEORGE CHUBB—Hi-Y II, III, IV; Football I, II, III, IV; Basketball II, III, IV; Manager, Golf IV; Varsity "S" Club II; Vice President, Literary Club IV; President, Athletic Club III.
- ISABEL CLARK—Traffic Squad III; Girl Reserves I, II, III, IV; Typing Club IV; Dramatic Club IV.
- ROBERT COCHRAN—Stage Guild III, IV; Oracle IV; Manager, Football IV; Manager, Basketball IV; Golf IV; Hi-Y II, III, IV; "The High Heart."
- JOE COOK—Class President II; Football II, III, IV; Basketball II, III, IV; Baseball III, IV; Athletics Club III; Magazine Club IV; Hi-Y II, III, IV.
- ROBERT DE COULAZ—Student Council III; Orchestra II, III, IV; Aircraft Club III; Science Club IV.
- WILLARD DOTY—Orchestra II, III, IV; Science Club IV.
- JAMES DOUGHTY—Orchestra II, III, IV; Basketball III; Baseball II, III, IV.
- JACK DREYBUS—Art II, III, IV; Football III; Dramatic Club III, IV; President IV; Thespian Club III, IV; President III; Glee Club IV; Hi-Y IV; "The Queen's Husband;" "The King Rides By;" "The Valiant."
- EDWARD ELLIS—Athletics Club III; Manual Arts Club IV; Baseball IV.
- JOHN ELLIS—Manual Arts Club IV; Athletics Club III; Minstrel Show IV.
- KENNETH EMMERT—Mechanical Drawing IV; Glee Club IV; Dramatic Club III; Minstrel Show IV.
- RUSSELL EMMERT—Manual Arts III; Glee Club III, IV; Athletics Club II; Science Club IV.
- FRANCES FERGUSON—Dramatic Club IV.
- DOROTHY FISHER—Girl Reserves IV; Basketball IV; Glee Club II; Sewing Club I.

Twenty-four

- JAMES FULLMAN—Orchestra I, II, III, IV; Student Council II, III; Debate III; Oracle III, IV; Assistant Editor IV; Class Vice President II; President and Treasurer, Science Club IV; Thespian Club IV; National Honor Society IV; "The Brat;" Minstrel Show IV.
- ELIZABETH GRASON—Commercial Club III; Typing Club IV.
- FLORENCE GREUEY—Basketball I, II, IV; Dramatic Club IV.
- JOSEPH HALEY—Student Council IV; Debate III, IV; Orchestra II, III, IV; Vice President IV; Class Vice President III; Football IV; Baseball III, IV; Dramatic Club III.
- GLADYS HAMILTON—Girl Reserves I, II; Basketball I, IV; Commercial Club III; President and Secretary, Typing Club IV.
- MARGARET HANDY—Student Council IV; Girl Reserves I, II; Treasurer II; Domestic Science II; Basketball I, II, III, IV; Glee Club I, II, III; "The Valiant."
- WILLIAM HELMER—Basketball III; Football IV; Manual Art IV; Athletics Club III.
- HATTIE JACKSON—Domestic Science II, III, IV; Basketball IV.
- ANNE JENNINGS—Girl Reserves III, IV; Treasurer IV; Oracle IV; Basketball III, IV; Tennis III; Glee Club III; President, Literary Club IV.
- WILLIAM JETTER—Class President IV; Debate III, IV; Sewihi III, IV; Oratory IV; Manual Arts II, III; Dramatic Club IV; National Honor Society III, IV; "The Valiant;" Announcer for "The King Rides By;" Minstrel Show IV.
- MICHAEL JOSEPH—Football II, III, IV; Athletics Club III.
- WILLIAM KAIN—Football III, IV; Manual Arts IV.
- MARY KEDAR—Traffic Squad III; Basketball I, II, III, IV; Domestic Science I, II, III; Typing Club IV; Girl Reserves I, II, III.
- KATHERINE KORDESCHICK—Commercial Club III; Dramatic Club IV; Commercial Contest, Bookkeeping III.
- ISAAC KOHLER—Glee Club I; Athletics Club III; Science Club IV.
- JEANNE LOWERY—Girl Reserves II, III, IV; Treasurer III; Art I, II, III; Sewing II; Tennis I, II, III, IV; Dramatic Club II, III, IV; "Jazz and Minuet;" "Confetti."
- SARAH MARUCA—Basketball II, III; Typing and Shorthand Contests III, IV.
- DAVID MCCONNELL—Chapel Committee II, III, IV; Debate III; Football III; Minstrel Show IV.
- BRADLEY MCCORMICK—Secretary-Treasurer, Student Council I; Oracle I, II, III, IV; Editor III, IV; Sewihi II, III, IV; Editor III, IV; Hi-Y II, III, IV; Vice President IV; Dramatic Club IV; National Honor Society III, IV; Board of Trade Prize, History III.
- BEATRICE MCFARLAND—Domestic Science II; Commercial Club III; Dramatic Club IV; "The King Rides By."
- FERN MECHLIN—Girl Reserves I; Basketball I, II, III, IV; Vice President, Commercial Club III; Dramatic Club IV.
- TIMOTHY MERRILL—Student Council II; Gym Team III, IV; Football IV; Science Club IV.
- RALPH MILLER—Football I, II, III, IV; Basketball II, III; Track II, III; Baseball III; Toledo I; Columbus II; Philadelphia III; Indianapolis IV.
- PAUL JOSEPH MILLER—Basketball III, IV; Science Club IV.
- ADELLA MINICK—Domestic Science II; Basketball II, III, IV; Glee Club II, III, IV; Traffic Squad IV; Special Music Club IV; Typing Club IV; "The Middie Maids."
- CLYDE MOON—Glee Club IV; Science Club IV; Athletic Club III; Special Music Club IV.
- JOHN MUMMEY—Basketball III, IV; Gym Team III, IV; Captain IV; Inter-class Baseball III; President, Science Club IV.

(Continued on Page 84)

Class History

Another mile-stone in the progress of the Sewickley High School is reached with the graduation of the Class of 1932. At this step of our journey, we, the members of the class, stop for a moment before we pass on to view the way traveled, to consider the history of our past four years. Seventy-nine strong, the size of the group is the first feature noticeable. It is quite an advance, indeed, over the five who made the class of 1907, just twenty-five years ago. We hope, however, proud as we are of our number, that we have more than size to claim as merit. So looking further we see our record in leadership, sports, and other activities, and here we find real cause for claiming that our class is a fine, outstanding one, indeed.

Our leadership has been active though, we believe, quietly effected, which is greatly to its credit. Produced largely through the Student Councils, a smoothness and harmony of relations has been maintained. Responding to needs of the school and the class, our members have been true to responsibility. The National Honor Society has found seven members in our class. The guiding of "The Oracle" and "The Sewickley" has for two years rested upon one of our number. His chief assistants this year have, of course, been seniors. The spirit here maintained is recognized: the worthwhile is emphasized; the trivial kept in restraint.

The athletic members of the class found themselves able to do and to dare. Combined athletic and scholastic standing found public recognition in the case of one senior. But then note that practically the whole football team this year was composed of seniors, that nine basketball lettermen were of our group, that seasons in both were comparatively successful. Then you know the truth. The Gym team, for the last two years showing several of '32 is one of which any school might be proud. Our golf and tennis representatives have had an auspicious start in this spring season.

Then think of the seniors participating in the Orchestra, the Glee Club, Dramatics! One glimpse at the pictures shows that we, the Class of 1932, may claim due credit for all their successes. We furnished contestants for Forensic League Instrumental Contests, leaders in plays, soloists, members of duets, quartets, etc.

And, moreover, think of the support we gave where help was needed. We know full well that some must be prominent and others must create and preserve that prominence. We have sold tickets, managed bake sales, sold hot dogs at football games, been presidents of clubs, chairmen of council committees, planned and trained for assembly programs, guided the behind-stage activity—what haven't we done and done well?

With it all we have had a good time. Happily we have laughed and worked—a good way to go through the world. We have our serious students, our hard workers, our butterflies. As June draws near, and commencement, there comes a feeling of regret that we must leave. Our days in Sewickley High have been days well spent. Happy and pleasant days they were and days in which we have developed strong friendships both for our school and classmates. Lovely will be the memories of the life of which we have been a part—some of us for a short time; some from the kindergarten up—good friends, all of us.

Class Will

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS:

WE, the Class of 1932, of Sewickley High School, being of sound mind, memory, and understanding, declare this to be our last Will and Testament, endowing the following prized possessions to the faculty, whose unfailing inspirations have always guided us through all our difficulties, and to our underclassmen who, we hope, will continue our good work.

ITEM I.

1. To the Faculty we will our love and apology for all the pranks and fun we have had at their expense.
2. We also leave the hope that they will have the pleasure of having more classes like ours.

ITEM II.

1. To our immediate successors, we leave Rooms 220 and 213, with all that goes with them.
2. We also endow the Class of '33 with the use of the front door, after Easter vacation next year.

ITEM III.

1. We also leave to the Class of '34 the memory of our ideals of sportsmanship and character, which they will do well to follow.

ITEM IV.

1. To the Class of '35, we will those two characteristics for which we are known—athletic ability and desire for competition.
2. We likewise leave that commendable courage to bear up under the trials which they must undergo.

ITEM V.

1. To the Classes of '36 and '37 we leave our ability for success in all contests which they might enter.

ITEM VI.

1. To the entire student body we will our sincere desire for a successful future, and promise to be of help when the occasion may arise.

ITEM VII.

1. We nominate and appoint our beloved teacher, Miss Mary E. Hubbell, executor of this, our last Will and Testament, and direct that no bond be required of her by reason of such appointment.
2. In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hand and seal at our residence of Sewickley High School in the Village of Sewickley, County of Allegheny, State of Pennsylvania.

THE CLASS OF '32. (L. S.)

Witnesses:—

MRS. R. L. PETERSON

MR. L. H. CONWAY

Twenty-seven

Prophecy

It is very strange this evening to see, as if in a dream, before me, this sea of faces. It recalls to me a similar event way back in 1932, to be exact June 21, 1932, at Sewickley High School. But, now my dream fades, and all is dark. My mind cannot concentrate with the facility of former years. I am very old; perhaps that is my reason for soliloquizing so over past events.

Alas, I have strayed from my subject—to return—I have it! It was a Class Night at the home of the Red and Blue which particularly caught my fancy in that year now one half century old. It was not the place, nor the time, but the superlative ability of the class which attracted my attention, and I have made it my business to keep a close record of the activities and achievements of these men and women, who have, everyone, made a record which is quite enviable in the world down yonder. It seems that I have it around this misty place somewhere, but where can it be? In my diary? No— In my account book? No— In my book of notable accomplishments? Ah! here it is in black and white, bearing fit tribute to those excellent young people, now successful in the wide world. At that time I listed their names, and their achievement was listed as each attained it. Ah! it does my heart good to read it again. Let me see:—

JOHN ELLIS—now renowned for his financial success. He got his chance in the low stock market and took it.

KENNETH EMMERT—to whom the gods have bequeathed a life of contentment in the wholesale grocery line.

JAMES FULLMAN is a photographer and mathematician of singular fame, especially interested in astronomy.

JOSEPH HALEY—owner and founder of the Haley Chemical Research Corporation.

WILLIAM HELMER and MICHAEL JOSEPH—intrepid explorers and hunters.

EDWARD ELLIS—risen to success in the engineering profession.

JEANNE LOWERY—who forsook a successful career as modiste to marry a man of fame and fortune.

SARAH MARUCA—one of the fastest and best in the typewriting game.

ADELLA MINICK and RUTH NARDO are living happily with two fine husbands. Rumor hath it that they are both prosperous and contented.

ALICE PURVIS—now traveling in South America with Glenn. They travel just for the fun of it.

MARY ROACH—a dancer who carries the leading part in a prominent Broadway success.

CECILE RUPERT and KATHERINE SCHURING are prominent business women, running one of these 'Help-you-in-any-way' concerns.

J. RUSSELL EMMERT is a wealthy young broker.

FLORENCE AZAR—now spending her time in Paris studying Art, and having a gay time as always.

BERNICE BRAWLEY—editor of the advice to the lovelorn column of "The Sewickley Herald."

FRANCES CHALLIS—is now a noted designer of women's clothes in New York City. Her sister RUTH has won the women's amateur tennis championship of the U. S.

ELIZABETH CAVIN is head of the Commercial Department in her old Alma Mater, Sewickley High School.

ETHEL CHUBB—a noted horsewoman both on the continent and at home.

ISABEL CLARK—is the first woman test pilot of planes.

FRANCES FERGUSON (ah, here is a spicy one) has just been sued for breach of promise by an Italian Count.

DOROTHY FISHER whose love for beauty has made her the proprietor of a huge greenhouse, while

ELIZABETH GRASON goes out for beauty in another line. She is a beauty specialist in New York City.

FLORENCE GREUEY—one of the nation's most efficient office managers.

VIVIAN FORD has become a famed concert pianist.

MARGARET HANDY is a prominent business woman now with the U. S. Steel Corporation.

DOROTHY PATTON has forsaken the world and settled down to a peaceful married life.

HATTIE JACKSON is a mathematics teacher at New York University.

MARY KEDAR is now president of a Los Angeles bank. She went West soon after 1932—and didn't go into the movies.

KATHERINE KORDESCHICK has achieved fame as a Certified Public Accountant.

PAUL BALLE is the manager of a nation-wide plumbing supply house.

ANTONIO BOVA is a pineapple retailer in Chicago.

JAMES BOYD is in the contracting business with McPherson Bros. He is publicity agent—rather free for pleasure.

Twenty-eight

GEORGE CAMPBELL is now a U. S. Senator from Pennsylvania. So you know he still talks.
 GEORGE CHUBB, a brother of the illustrious Ethel, is amateur golf champion of U. S. He doesn't rest on any one else's laurels, but wins his own.
 ROBERT COCHRAN—now out in Hollywood doubling for Buster Keaton, the stone-faced man.
 JOSEPH COOK, whose only rival was Mr. Thome, is rapidly catching up to him in Math. He now is successor to Professor Einstein.
 WILLARD DOTY is the originator of the world's funniest comic strip.
 JIM DOUGHTY is kept quite busy between fighting fires and plumbers.
 TIMOTHY MERRILL, rumor hath it, is now a master of ceremonies in Roxy's theatre. His humor has come into just the best place to shine.
 PAUL MILLER, who has had the good fortune to become basketball coach at Podunk Center, makes out especially well at discipline.
 BILL TIERNAN has formed a co-operative partnership with Ford.
 WILLIAM PYLE is now taking the Stebbins Boys' place on the radio and
 FERN MECHLIN has made the first successful round trip flight to Reno.
 ANNE JENNINGS is basketball coach at Vassar. Her teams win, too.
 SALLY SMART is foreign representative for GIZELLA WAGNER'S ultra-smart clothing shop.
 HUGH SLOAN has been on the R-K-O circuit singing for several years.
 DAVE WALKINGSHAW and his orchestra have taken Whiteman's place in Chicago.
 SHIRLEY CAMPBELL is giving daily talks over the Columbia network. She is an ardent worker for the Women's Political Party.
 ELIZABETH RYE has come back to Sewickley High School as French instructor. Our class would never have expected that.
 BEATRICE MCFARLAND is one of the biggest reporters for "The Sewickley Herald." They added a new department for her.
 GEORGE PURDY in common with ALBERT MURPHY has risen to great heights in the medical profession. George always was a sympathetic soul, but what has Bud done with his rough touch.
 WILLIAM E. JETTER has arisen to the heights of the oratorical world, rivalling Daniel Webster. He's a great force in American life.
 DAVID MCCONNELL has become the owner of the Hearst Newspaper Syndicate. That smoothness of his has made him successful.
 ISAAC KOHLER has rivalled Eddie Tolan as a sprint star and wins victories galore.
 VIRGINIA YOUNG is now social secretary to one of our country's wealthiest women.
 CHARLES SCHLUMPF has achieved great fame as an all-around sportsman. He has made a fortune, too.
 CLYDE MOON and WILLIAM KAIN have doubled for Laurel and Hardy on several occasions.
 JOHN MUMMEY and ART SHEATS have made the Ringling Bros. Circus with their acrobatic genius.
 And all have read articles in the *New York Times* by its editor-in-chief, BRADLEY MCCORMICK. The paper is still the first in the land.
 All have praised the good work of our able Supreme Court Judge, EDWARD RUFF. You wouldn't believe he could assume the necessary dignity, but he does.
 The concert stage has been greatly uplifted by the clarinet soloist, SANTO PORTO, and his able accompanist, GEORGE SHELDON. High school showed them the road to success.
 And shining high in the athletic firmament is CHARLES STONE, one of the best tennis players on the Davis Cup Team.
 MARY SPEC is proprietor of a huge department store in Chicago, showing off her executive ability to good effect.
 HELEN ZERR has married a riverman and settled down to a peaceful contented life.
 In the theatrical world we find RUTH BENZENHOFFER and JACK DREYBUS co-starring in "It Happened on Skis in Brazil," a writing of that excellent dramatist GLADYS HAMILTON.
 CHARLES WILLIAMS and RALPH MILLER, builders of bridges and masters of men are conquering unknown parts of the world with their engineering genius.
 Alas, the list has ended and a gallant one it is. What will twenty-five more years mean to their standing? We believe it will continue as bright as now. I shall wait until that time and then see them again.



The Class of 1933

Without a doubt you have heard a great deal about the class of '33, for our Junior Class certainly has made its appearance on the "school map" this year. The old proverb, "You can't keep a good fellow down," has been fully demonstrated by our fine group, eighty-seven strong.

The Junior Class in 1932 is represented by active members in every school organization in which it is permitted to participate. Our class has football heroes, renowned debaters, Honor Society members, Forensic League participants, actors, musicians—and these represent only a few of our outstanding abilities.

Under the efficient management of our girls, the class treasury was brought into being with a considerable sum, the proceeds of the sale of "hot dogs" at our home football games. And could one forget the Leap Year Social when the Juniors rallied round to care for the social needs of the school? The success of this effort proves the strong initiative of the class. So we have gained confidence in our abilities to take charge of affairs next year.

Our aim is to carry on the fine work which our "shining examples," the Seniors, have done this year.

G. K., '33.

Thirty

The Junior Class

9

Who's reckless nine o'clock to four?

—The Junior.

Who grins a senseless grin, and grinds
The chalk beneath his heel, and finds
An ink-well for the note he tore?

—The Junior.

9

RALPH CLAY	- - - - -	President
ARTHUR MCCREA	- - - - -	Vice President
GWENDOLYN KIRK	- - - - -	Secretary-Treasurer

Robert Alexander
Charles Anderson
Donald Baird
Charles Balles
Don Baughman
Harry Baumgartel
William Bradley
Ralph Clay
James Crooks
William Ellis
Sam Fader
Guy Ferguson
William Friese
Milfred Fritsche
Leonard Gariti
John Hacker
Jack Hahn
Jack Hanlon
Paul Hartle
Joseph Hibala
Kirk Hughes
William Klicker
Harry Lewis
Charles Littlecott
Frank Lutz
Arthur McCrea
Charles Montgomery
Leslie Moore
Russell Newbury
Moritz Pfaff

Henry Pollinger
Ronald Scott
Wayne Shaffer
James Sprott
Donald Stoffel
George Stone
Charles Thein
Paul Trudell
Donald Wilson
Russell Wright
Harold Zeller

Emily Boyd
Lucille Boyd
Ruth Brenner
Helen Callaghan
Helen Carter
Martha Cook
Clara Damico
Helen Douglass
Mary Martha Drynan
Margaret Eckard
Marjorie Ellerton
Helen Ford
Margaret Greenhouse
Elsie Hosking
Helen Hutchman
Jean Kedar

Gwendolyn Kirk
Margaret Kolb
Mary Frances Kolb
Armenia Legato
Mary Lorimer
Margery McMaster
Rena MiConi
Carolyn Mossette
Marie Nauman
Elizabeth Neely
Kathryn Neely
Ruth Neely
Hazel Norton
Dorothy Ohlman
Anna Opuda
Martha Paschold
Adelaide Peters
Rachel Phillips
Virginia Rhoads
Marion Richards
Ruth Robinson
Clara Scott
Charlotte Stevens
Reva Jane Taggart
Ruth Taggart
Jane Terry
Dorothy Thomson
Jane Tiernan
Virginia Wynn
Berenice Young

Thirty-one



The Class of 1934

On September 8th, one hundred and twenty-four excited Sophomores attained a long-desired goal. We were now Senior High School students permitted to enter through the upper door, to have lockers on the third floor, and to attend Senior chapel.

Late in September the class organized, the following students being chosen as Student Council representatives:—Constance Weiss, Christine Doughty, Betty Richmond, James Murdock, Harold Stoy, and Philip Hahn.

As a class our activities have been quite extensive, many of our classmates representing us on the football field, the basketball floor, and in dramatics.

We hope that, while we have not stood alone in our accomplishments, we have followed the able instruction of our teachers and the upper classmen so well that when the time arrives for us to lead, we shall be a credit to Sewickley High School as have been the classes before us.

B. R., '34.

The Sophomore Class

Who fails to stop and think again?

—The Sophomore.

Who spills the ink and lets it dry

Upon his desk? Who doesn't try

To use some judgment now and then?

—The Sophomore.

EDWARD KRAMER	- - - - -	President
HAROLD STOY	- - - - -	Vice President
SARA M. MUSGRAVE	- - - - -	Secretary-Treasurer

Egbert Allen
Jack Bostrum
Edward Bradel
John Brennan
Patrick Brennan
William Brooks
Alfred Corso
Arthur Damico
Clarence Egler
William Finnicum
Mitchell Ford
Robert Ford
Stanley Fowler
Matt Fullerton
Robert Ganner
James Graham
Philip Hahn
George Hetzer
Herbert Hartle
Charles Hunter
Joe Jackson
Charles Jones
George Joseph
Edward Kramer
Paul Kirk
James Kraus
Martin Krieger
Jack Lucas
Jack Luty
Stewart Malone
Thomas Maruca
Gordon McCormick
Edward Miller
George McLaughlin
David McPherson
James Murdock
Harold Nash
Robert Neely
Richard Nyers
Mason Pearce
Jack Peters
William Purvis

Albert Richardson
Walter Richey
Fred Riddle
Tony Rossi
James Rutter
John Schroeder
William Scott
Jack Seaver
William Silvasy
Albert Sirianni
Fred Smart
Walter Smith
Charles Stinson
Harold Stoy
Malcolm Taylor
Jerry Tignanelli
Wendell Tinney
Robert Wallace
Charles Wehrum
Arthur Whiteside
Edward Willoughby
Leslie Wilson
Donald Witherspoon

Virginia Adair
Agnes Adams
Harriet Baird
Flossie Branch
Henrietta Bridge
Jean Burkholder
Dorothy Cook
Harriet Cuckenberg
Alice Davis
Agnes Dempsey
Elizabeth Dickson
Christine Doughty
Gladys Ebert
Mary Gallaher
Harriet Gibb
Edith Grason
Virginia Greuey

Martha Harris
Anna Hetzer
Ella Holthaus
Ruth James
Katherine Leathen
Dorothy Lightfoot
Rhoda Lyon
Bessie McCawley
Winona McClester
Dorothy McKelvey
Betty McPherson
Margaret Martin
Mary Maruca
Jane Mecle
Mary Mecle
Cornelia Merriman
Barbara Merz
Mary Meyer
Alice Miller
Mary Jane Miller
Sara Margaret Musgrave
Florence Nash
Margaret Novak
Jane Parrish
Catherine Pendred
Kathryn Pfaff
Katherine Rand
Grace Richards
Betty Richmond
Ruth Rosenfeld
Julia Spackman
Margaret Spackman
Marjorie Stevens
Josephine Tano
Marie Thein
Louise Trudell
Ruth Tucker
Fay Wachter
Elvira Wallace
Laura Wallace
Constance Weiss
Wilma White

Thirty-three



The Class of 1935

This year the Freshman class is by no means small, as is indicated by the number of students enrolled in the three report rooms. The roster shows the names of one hundred and twenty-two pupils, many of whom were new to Sewickley this year.

Since our class is a very studious one, social events have been few and far between. Lest we may be thought inactive in other lines, we must not fail to mention some of our group who have represented this class in school activities; in all the activities we find Freshmen taking part. Eight Freshman boys represented us during football season, while in dramatics our three graceful ballet dancers, Fay McClure, Lucinda Riggs, and Jean Emmert took part in the Minstrel Show. Then, too, our bass singers, Howard Rye and Edward Caughey, had their share in making the vocal part of the show so enjoyable. Among our talented musicians we have Dorothy Merriman and Henry Goodband (violins), Howard Rye ('cello), Edward Caughey (clarinet), and Lucinda Riggs and Esther Geddes (piano). Altogether we have quite an orchestra.

We all feel that we have profited greatly by this year's training, and we want to make ourselves outstanding in the years to come. We hope the class following us will have as happy and successful year as we have enjoyed.

W. B., '35.

The Freshman Class

Who's careless when the mud is deep?

—The Freshman.

Who comes in, leaves on his hat,

And makes a path around the mat?

Who should be given brains to keep?

—The Freshman.

DAVID STONE	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
GORDON BEITEL	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice President
WILLIAM BRADFORD	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary-Treasurer

Kenyon Arndt
George Barrie
Frank Beall
Roy Beeman
Gordon Beitel
Clark Bemis
Lawrence Bobby
William Bradford
Howard Branch
Joe Branch
Elmer Brown
George Brush
Frank Brust
Edward Caughey
Lyman Crees
John Critchlow
James Cronin
Thomas Cronin
Ted Cuckenberg
Jack Dolan
Norman Dolde
John Faust
Noel Fisher
Alfred Ford
Richard Frederick
Henry Goodband
Fred Gould
Walter Gray
Harris Heckeler
Jack Heckeler
Ralph Jackson
William Jadden
Charles Jenkins
Roy Johnson
Joseph Lanzarotta
Charles Lawrence
Martin Lee
Frank Legato
Harry Lutz
Meredith McCandless
Robert McDonald

Lewis Malone
Joseph Maruca
William Merrill
Edward Murphy
Frank Neely
George Nestor
Gilbert Newbury
Billy Patterson
Billy Pflugh
Forney Reeves
Arthur Rosenfelder
Elmer Rosenfelder
David Rupert
Howard Rye
William Sample
Harry Shepler
Willis Shook
Stanley Simonson
John Sovak
David Stone
James Tignanelli
Charles Turner
Harris Wachter
Hayes Wells
Lester Wherry
Charles Whiteside
Craig Whitlock
Robert Wolfred
Ralph Woods

Margaret Barr
Betty Barton
Margaret Blake
Mayline Bova
Lucy Branch
Agnes Brand
Jeanne Brodie
Kathryn Brotherly
Ernesta Brown
Irene Cernansky
Eleanor Chickering

Sarah Clarner
Jane Cook
Margaret Coukart
Jean Critchlow
Noreen Dempsey
Mary Dunham
Jean Emmert
Harriet Friese
Esther Geddes
Margaret Grieg
Marie Hawes
Eileen Hinerman
Margaret Jackson
Alice Jones
Anna Kedar
Dorothy Kretzler
Fay McClure
Rae McIlvain
Barbara McKay
Mary E. Marks
Eleanor Mauro
Nancy Merrill
Grace Merriman
Dorothy Merriman
Ethel Moorehead
Rita Miller
Helen Neely
Martha Neely
Mary Richmond
Lucinda Riggs
Ruby Rucker
Anna Rupert
Mary Smith
Mary Thompson
Anna Tucci
Rebecca Turner
Elsie Wagner
Janet Walkingshaw
Helen Withee
Ethel Woods
Marjorie Wright

Thirty-five



The Class of 1936

Yes, we are eighth-graders and are to be Freshmen next year. Two years ago we entered this High School to find new surroundings, work, and schedules. Now we have strongly overcome our obstacles, and hope we have left a good impression for our successors to fill.

Since we were separated into classes alphabetically, we held our elections for officers in two different rooms. Early in the year we assembled to elect our officers, and Kenneth Newbury and Jean Adams were chosen for our representatives in Student Council.

We are quite sure that we have greatly improved in our studies, and we think most of the teachers will agree with us. During the second semester we took up two new subjects,—Civics and Science. We understand that high school brings one new subject after another.

We are proud of possessing some able musicians, being represented in the Junior High Orchestra by five members. We are also proud of our artists. After much work for the Junior High Wild Flower Contest, we succeeded in winning first and second prizes and two honorable mentions.

We hope to increase our ability in music, art, sports, and various other activities during ninth grade, for we are an ambitious crowd.

W. E., '36.

The Eighth Grade

9

Who runs from class to class all day?

—The Eighth Grader.

Who never seems to have a care,

Nor knows the reason for a one-way stair,

And if you are asked, why then just say

—The Eighth Grader.

9

RICHARD NAUMAN	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
PRISCILLA WELDAY	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice President
NELLIE LITTLECOTT	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary-Treasurer

Oliver Causey
Robert Crooks
Donald Davis
Mike Degori
Billy Engel
John Folena
Billy Ford
Vernon Greenhouse
Steve Handy
Norbert Hegert
John Hobaugh
Isaiah Ingram
Charles Jenny
Gilbert Krieger
Bud Lyon
Tony Maruca
Bennie Mauro
Clyde Miller
Paul Mooney
Richard Nauman
Kenneth Newberry
Arvid Nyberg

Orwen Rector
Joseph Riggs
Ray Shaffer
Eugene Sweet
George Trudell
John Trudell
Lawrence Turner
Robert Walkingshaw
Michael Winters

Jean Adams
Beatrice Arnold
Doris Black
Jessie Bowling
Mary Boyd
Dorothy Carney
Nellie Cottom
Virginia Cottom
Dorothy Dawson
Suzanne Drynan

Mildred Fisher
Sarah Gariti
Octavia Green
Wanda Hite
Jane Hough
Helen Ions
Helen Jenny
Rose Lanzarotta
Adelle Lester
Nellie Littlecott
Lydia Merriman
Lucille Miller
Margaret Parrish
June Phillips
Agnes Stasko
Malina Tucci
Priscilla Welday
Betty Whitfield
Ida Whitfield
Marion Whitlock
June Willoughby
Lorna Witzleb



The Class of 1937

On September 8, 1931, the student body of Sewickley High School saw a new class of seventy-nine pupils arriving fresh and enthusiastic to start their seventh grade work.

At first we were very confused, but at last we found our classrooms, received our books, program cards, and lockers.

We elected Mary Kate McMaster and William Fowler to represent us in the Student Council.

On Friday, April 8, 1932, our class held a very successful party in the High School gymnasium. We also want the Senior High to know that they are not the only ones who can make a party a big success.

We have some very good athletes in our class, and you need not be surprised if in a few years you see some of our boys winning football and basketball games for their school.

R. W., '37.

The Seventh Grade

9

Who's so proud and haughty?

—The Seventh Grader.

Who goes about with that curious look,

And knows not when to use a book;

And when in class is always naughty?

—The Seventh Grader.

9

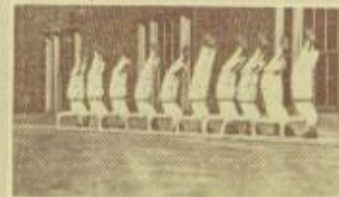
JACK BRAND	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
SARAH MCCREADY	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice President
LOIS WRIGHT	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary-Treasurer

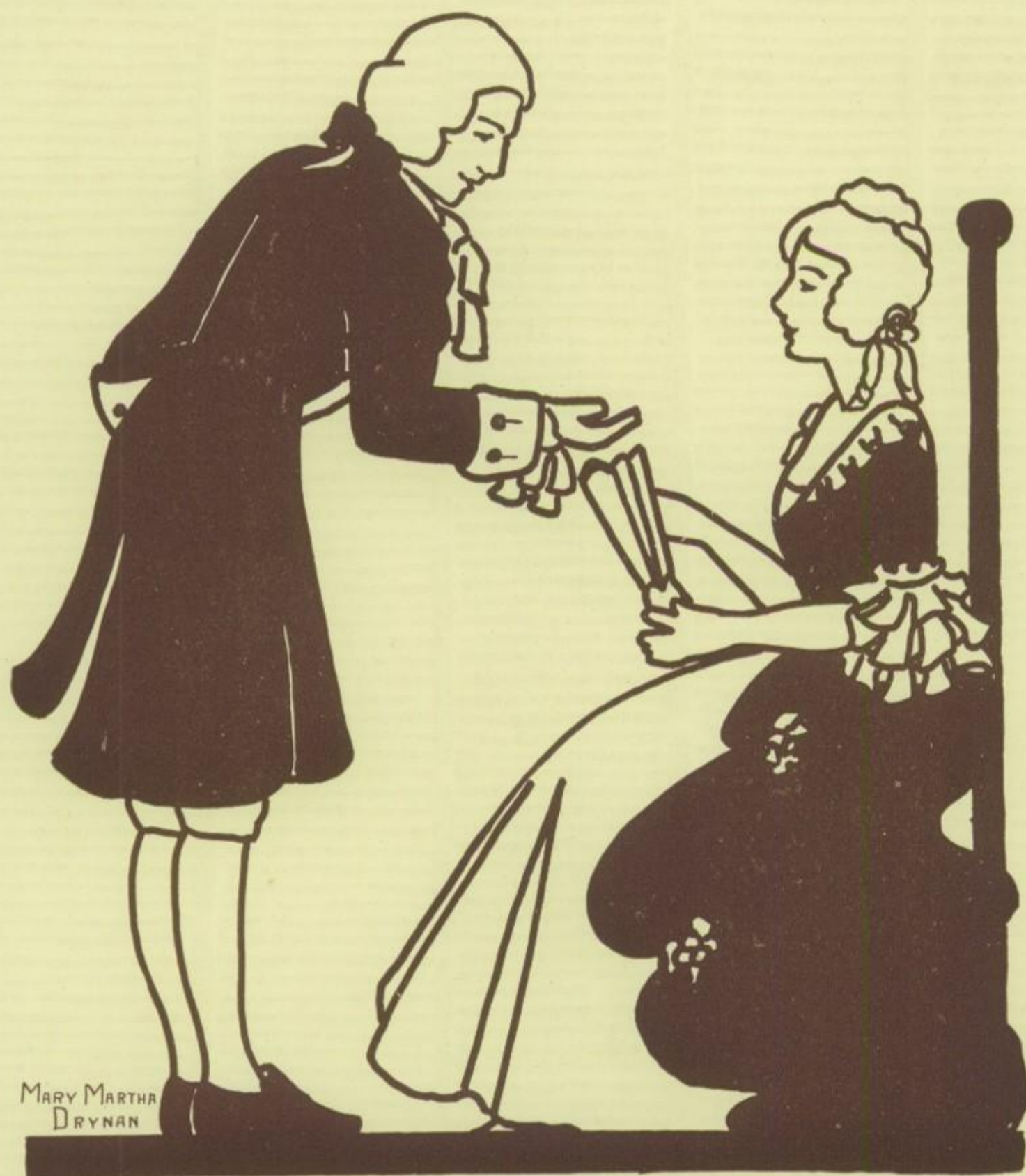
Reuben Baker
Harry Blake
Walter Bower
Curtis Branch
Jack Brand
Howard Brush
Rowland Crawford
Stanley Diggs
William Emrich
William Fowler
Granville Green
James Guilot
Edwin Haley
Austin Haushalter
Frank Hegner
William Hite
David James
DeVere Johns
Floyd Lee
Richard Lottes
Albert Massi
Lawrence Menz
Fred Morrison
John Mossett
Harry Pflugh
Joe Pickett
Charles Prentice

William Prentice
Robert Pyle
William Rand
Charles Reeves
Phineas Reeves
Clarke Robey
Henry Sacco
Raymond Severance
Bobby Shay
Wilber Smith
Ralph Spinelli
James Stewart
Archie Turner
Jack Watson
Robert Welday
Billy White
Stanley Whitlock
Ellis Williams
Wayne Wilson

Harriet Arndt
Mary Jane Beatty
Mary Branch
Shirley Clipson
Mary Damaso
Mabel Fawcett

Mary Gallucci
Rosie Gallucci
Helen Gould
Lois Gregg
Jeane Handy
Eleanor Higginbotham
Selena Holthaus
Mary Jackson
Isabel Jones
Dolores Kuffner
Anna Lazorisah
Clara Legato
Margaret Lucas
Emma Maruca
Sarah McCready
Margaret McIlvain
Mary Kate McMaster
Elizabeth Padavese
Rose Pallone
Evelyn Reidout
Tricca Russo
Dorothy Seghmyer
Gladys Spackman
Ruth Stoffel
Mary Trapizona
Emma Williams
Lois Wright





ACTIVITIES

Wearers of the "S"

The Sewihi

Bradley McCormick
William Jetter
Mary Roach

Gizella Wagner
Edward Ruff

Elizabeth Rye
Mary Martha Drynan
Margery McMaster

Football

Wilson Tiernan
Antonio Bova
Charles Schlumpf
George Chubb
James Boyd
Robert Cochran, Manager

George Purdy
William Kain
Hays Wills
George Joseph
William Helmer

Joe Cook
Donald Stoffel
Timothy Merrill
Jack Hanlon
Ralph Clay
Michael Joseph

Basketball

James Boyd
George Chubb
Robert Cochran, Manager

Charles Schlumpf
Donald Witherspoon

Joe Cook
George Purdy
Paul Miller

Cheerleaders

David Walkingshaw

Helen Douglass

The Oracle

Bradley McCormick
Anne Jennings

Robert Cochran
James Fullman
Bernice Brawley

Ruth Taggart
Roy Johnson

The Orchestra

Alice Davis
Charles Montgomery
Gwendolyn Kirk
Helen Hutchman
Patrick Brennan
Howard Rye

Charles Thein
Stanley Fowler
Joseph Haley
Alfred Corso
Wilson Tiernan
Barbara Merz
Jane Tiernan

Jack Seaver
John Brennan
Leslie Wilson
William Friese
Edward Kramer
Charles Jones

Dramatics

Ethel Chubb
Ruth Challis
Jack Dreybus

Paul Balles
James Fullman
Charles Montgomery
Edward Ruff

William Jetter
John Schroeder
Virginia Wynn

Oratory

William Jetter

Extemporaneous Speaking

Edward Ruff

Debate

Joseph Haley

William Jetter
Shirley Campbell

Edward Ruff

The Assembly Committee

Ethel Chubb

Anna Opuda
David McConnell

Betty Richmond

The Stage Guild

Robert Cochran
George Purdy
Paul Balles

James Crooks
Jack Hanlon
Donald Stoffel

Charles Balles
Russell Wright
Ralph Clay

Forty-two



The Student Council

The organization of the Student government this year was unlike that of the previous years in that the Senior and Junior Councils were entirely separate bodies. The Senior Council was divided into the Boys' Council with Wilson Tiernan, President; George Purdy, Vice President; James Murdock, Secretary-Treasurer; and the Girls' Council of which the officers were: Gizella Wagner, President; Virginia Wynn, Vice President; and Betty Richmond, Secretary-Treasurer. To save time and facilitate management, an Executive Board was formed with members from both groups. Officers of the Junior Council were: Lawrence Bobby, President; Elsie Wagner, Vice President; and Rae McIlvain, Secretary-Treasurer.

This plan proved satisfactory as it required of the boys responsibility for the actions of the boys only, leaving the girls' conduct to be controlled by the girls. The plan was found especially helpful by the Traffic, Sanitation, and Lunch-room squads.

Our Lost and Found Committee was a very efficient department. Its responsibility was to have always at the hall desk a student whose duties were: to take charge of any articles found, to welcome any stranger coming into the building, and to be messenger for the office.

Among the activities sponsored by the Council this year were the annual Alumni Dance, a Tea given for the mothers and teachers, a style display for the girls, a Quiet Day, and locker inspection. Interesting and inspiring speakers were heard on the assembly programs through the efforts of the Student Council.

All in all, this year's Council, under the capable guidance of Mr. Stroup, Miss Hubbell, Miss Simpson, Mr. Gill, and Mr. Thome, proved a most efficient law-making and law-enforcing organization.

G. W. W., '32.

Forty-three



Forensic Activities

Our forensic representatives this year were not so fortunate as they might have been, but they performed very creditably, and the school can well be proud of their record. The debate team, consisting of William Jetter, Edward Ruff, Joe Haley and Shirley Campbell as speakers, with Samuel Fader, James Crooks, Arthur McCrea, Charles Campbell, and Bernice Brawley as alternates, suffered only one defeat against three victories, and in view of the fact that the sole defeat was administered by Coraopolis, which won the State championship, this record cannot be underestimated.

In the oratory and extemporaneous speaking contests, William Jetter and Edward Ruff, both won the sectional championships and both placed second in the county finals. Martha Paschold, our reading entry, unfortunately was unable to compete, due to illness.

In the musical division we had entries in the vocal (Marion Sickeler), trio (Virginia Wynn, Gwendolyn Kirk, and Margaret Claire Martin), clarinet (Sam Porto), trombone (Antonio Bova), and orchestra contests. Jane Tiernan and Gwendolyn Kirk acted as accompanists for all the contestants. Although our representatives were not fortunate enough to win any of these contests, the school is justly proud of their efforts.

We wish to take this opportunity to express our appreciation to Mr. Stroup and Mrs. Egolf, who freely and cheerfully devoted their time and energy toward improving the caliber of the contestants' performances.

E. J. R., '32.



The Oracle

There is no doubt but that many people wonder who is responsible for Sewickley High School's news columns in "The Sewickley Herald." As a matter of fact, it is a very active and important organ of the high school, systematically organized under an editor-in-chief, staff editors, and reporters. This year we find that it has occupied as many as five columns in the weekly paper instead of the customary limit of two and a half. We are also happy to announce that the Rambling Rumor items, originated last year, have proven equally popular in 1932.

We of the Oracle wish to extend our most sincere gratitude to Miss Kerr, our indispensable advisor, and to Bradley McCormick, who has so efficiently served as editor for two consecutive years.

Editor-in-Chief	-	-	-	-	BRADLEY MCCORMICK
Staff Editors	-	-			JAMES FULLMAN, GEORGE SHELDON
Senior Reporters	-	-			ANNE JENNINGS, BERNICE BRAWLEY
Junior Reporters	-	-			SAMUEL FADER, RUTH TAGGART
Sophomore Reporters	-	-			ELLA HOLTHAUS, FRED SMART
Junior High Reporter	-	-	-	-	ROY JOHNSON
Athletic Reporter	-	-	-	-	ROBERT COCHRAN

R. T., '33.



The Senior High Orchestra

Under the most patient and interested leadership of our conductor, Mrs. Egolf, the orchestra has enjoyed a year of varied musical experiences. In addition to the regular chapel programs, it has willingly contributed to many public performances, having played at the presentation of the Mid-Year Play, the Washington Community Program, the Forensic Debates, and the American Music Week Program.

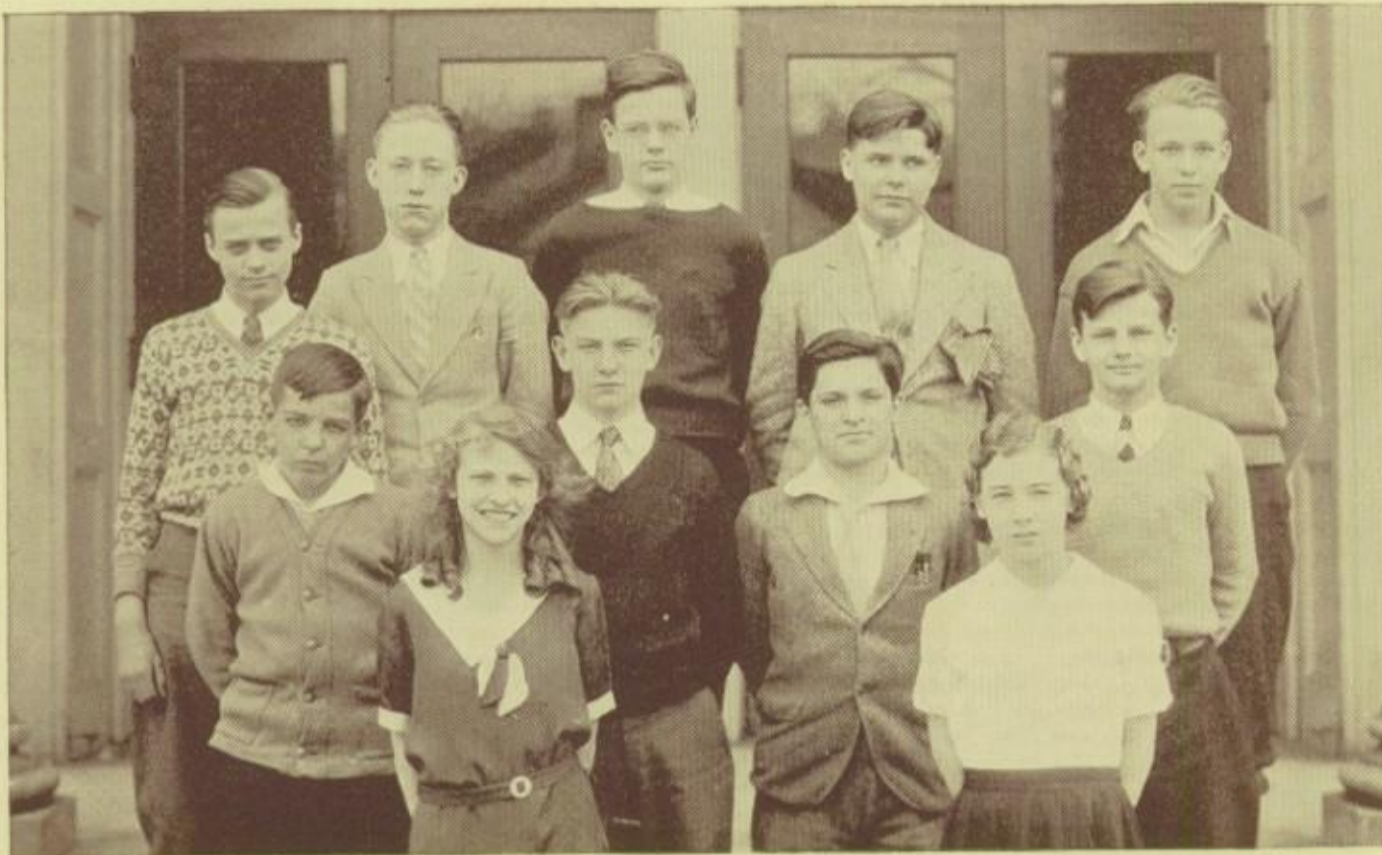
The orchestra's enrollment presents the following members:

Violins—Alice Davis, Barbara Merz, Helen Hutchman, David Walkingshaw, Hugh Sloan, Willard Doty, James Doughty, Timothy Merrill, Moritz Pfaff, John Brennan, Patrick Brennan, Stanley Fowler, Charles Thein, William Friese, Edward Willoughby, Robert De Coulaz, Charles Campbell; *'Cello*—Howard Rye; *Bass Viol*—James Fullman; *Trombone*—Antonio Bova; *Clarinet*—Samuel Porto; *Double Bass Horn*—Glenn Kautz; *Trumpets*—Wilson Tiernan, Edward Kramer, Charles Jones, Alfred Corso, Joseph Haley; *Piano*—Gwendolyn Kirk, Jane Tiernan; *Drums*—Charles Montgomery, Leslie Wilson; *Xylophone*—Leslie Wilson.

In the Forensic League Competition, the orchestra gave a highly commendable performance in the Music Contest held at the Stowe Township High School. The failure to win should add to the interest in procuring greater variety of instruments, one of our strongest handicaps.

Although the orchestra will suffer greatly by graduation, we have the fullest confidence that next year our zealous and devoted leader will construct an orchestra able to continue the quality of performance that has been maintained by the school's preceding musical organizations.

J. E. H., '32.



The Junior High Orchestra

The Junior High orchestra consists of six violins, clarinet, 'cello, saxophone, mandolin, and two pianos. Practice is held from two to three o'clock every Monday afternoon and every other Wednesday, the time when the Junior High clubs meet. The melodious strains coming from the Conference Room at these times are an indication of the efforts put forth to become musicians such as those in the Senior orchestra.

The group learned to play special selections and accompany the songs which are sung in Assembly. They came together unused to group work, and made rapid progress under Miss Emily Stewart's competent leadership.

Our orchestra includes:

Violins—Donald Davis, Henry Goodband, John Hobaugh, Dorothy Merriman, Paul Mooney, Eugene Sweet; *Saxophone*—Willis Shook; *Clarinet*—Edward Caughey; *'Cello*—Howard Rye; *Mandolin*—Bennie Mauro; *Piano*—Esther E. Geddes, Lucinda C. Riggs.

E. E. G., '35.



National Honor Society

The classes of 1931 and 1932, last June, witnessed the inauguration in Sewickley High School of the Sewihi chapter of the National Honor Society. The organization is based on the four cardinal principles of Service, Scholarship, Leadership, and Character; membership is awarded as a result of all around development scholastically and mentally. The society is quite similar to the Phi Beta Kappa of collegiate circles, and it represents the highest aim of student activity. Those who were fortunate enough to be chosen for membership in the society should be congratulated upon having maintained a sufficiently high standing scholastically, and at the same time having rendered distinguished service to the school as a whole. The members are chosen, not by the students, but by a majority vote of the teachers, thus permitting a worth-while scrutiny of the students' real merits.

Following the precedent set last year, which took place too late to be reported in the 1931 Sewihi, a number of Juniors and Seniors were selected, and at present the roster is made up of seven seniors and five juniors. Leo Meyer, Allan Newbury, Marion Rand, Mary Thorne White, William Jetter, and Bradley McCormick were selected last year, the last two being Juniors at the time.

The members for 1932 are:

Seniors—William Jetter, Bradley McCormick, Ruth Challis, Ethel Chubb, Gizella Wagner, James Fullman, and Edward Ruff; *Juniors*—Jane Tiernan, Virginia Wynn, Gwendolyn Kirk, Samuel Fader, and James Crooks.

E. J. R., '32.



The Stage Guild

The Stage Guild of '31 and '32, under the experienced management of Jack Hanlon, manager, and Mr. Stroup, faculty director, contributed largely toward the success of the school's dramatic productions, both public and intra-mural. The boys this year have been so well drilled in stage lore and the construction of scenery that their work has reached an almost professional pitch. Much of the credit for the success of the Guild must be attributed to Mr. Stroup, who worked unceasingly with the fellows.

The year's activity consisted of the construction of sets for "The King Rides By" and The Minstrel Show, services toward many community programs and, of course, activities in chapel. Meetings were held on several occasions during which time Mr. Nicols and Mr. Stroup endeavored to teach the boys some new point or two about the stage and its rise. The annual stage Guild party had not yet been held when this annual went to press, but, with a knowledge of the roster of the club, anyone can see that it will be a big success. As a whole, the season proved very successful, and the Stage Guild has again proved itself to be an integral part of the school curriculum.

The members of the Guild include:—Robert Cochran, George Purdy (Assistant Manager), Glenn Kautz (Electrician), Jack Hanlon (Manager), Ralph Clay, Russell Wright, Donald Stoffel, James Crooks, Jack Schroeder, Charles Balles, Jack Luty, David McPherson, and Albert Richardson. Freshman candidates are Lawrence Bobby, Gordon Beitel, John Faust, Edward Caughey, and William Bradford.

G. E. P., '32.



The Glee Club

On any Friday afternoon one happening to pass the auditorium between two and three o'clock might have thought a chorus of angels was paying the school a visit. In reality it was the High School Glee Club under the very able leadership of Mrs. Egolf.

The Glee Club had a much larger enrollment this year, including between twenty and thirty boys. Not many being present at the first meeting, the prettiest of the Junior girls were dispatched to recruit new members. The result was that we had a chorus of sixty voices ranging from soprano to bass.

The Glee Club is a group of girls and boys in the high school drawn together by their love of music. Their work this year has been enjoyed as much, if not more, than usual. They have learned many attractive songs for which there would not have been time had efforts been directed toward a cantata or an operetta.

Several groups from the Glee Club entered the Forensic League Contests, and although they won no honors, they did very well. The school has been entertained several times in chapel by some of our members in solo and duet numbers. It was also from this group that a number were chosen to help make the Washington Bi-Centennial Program a success. And when honor is given to the Glee Club, Mrs. Egolf is most justly placed first.

S. H. C., '32.



The Science Club

Mr. V. J. Bolin was the sponsor of our 1931-32 Science Club. The club meets every other Thursday. Its purpose was to illustrate and suggest different phases of science. Well prepared talks about science were given by the members. Demonstrations which illustrated scientific facts were performed. We also enjoyed a number of scientific moving picture films, which took us on many wonderful imaginary journeys. The following students are members:

Donald Baird, Jack Bostrom, Antonio Bova, John Brennan, Patrick Brennan, George Campbell, Arthur Damico, Robert De Coulaz, Willard Doty, William Ellis, Russell Emmert, Mitchell Ford, William Friese, Robert Ford, Stanley Fowler, Milfred Fritsche, James Fullman, James Graham, John Hacker, Jack Hahn, Kirk Hughes, Charles Hunter, Paul Kirk, Isaac Kohler, Frank Lutz, Gordon McCormick, Timothy Merrill, Edward Miller, Paul Miller, Clyde Moon, Leslie Moore, John Mummey, Harold Nash, Robert Neely, Mason Pearce, Samuel Porto, William Pyle, Albert Richardson, Frederick Riddle, Tony Rossi, James Rutter, Ronald Scott, William Scott, Albert Sirianni, Fred Smart, Charles Stinson, Malcolm Taylor, Paul Trudell, Robert Wallace, Arthur Whiteside, Charles Williams, and Thomas Maruca.

M. F., '33.



“The King Rides By”

“The King Rides By,” the play chosen for the Thespian mid-year presentation, was a decided success. The selection of the play was a most happy one, and a good play continued to be one in the hands of our able coach and the willing workers of the cast. Recognition is also due to Mrs. Egolf and her orchestra as well as to the Stage Guild and the Manual Training Department. Glenn Kautz’s work on the scene is also worthy of special comment.

The excitement and thrills of the mystery were due to the skillful portrayal of the characters. Who does not know and admire the booming voice of Jack Dreybus, who represented the worthy judge? Or who cannot remember the easy sophistication of Ruth Challis, the judge’s dignified wife? Or who, after seeing Jack Schroeder as the misunderstood son in the “Brat,” would expect to see him as the double-crossing villain in this comedy? He did it, though, and we do say he plays both parts equally well. Charles Montgomery, who easily assumes whatever personality he wishes, was here the second villain and butler. Loranda (“Lil” to her pals) plotted and plundered, loved and hated in the capable person of Ruth Benzenhoefer with all the inconsistency that is woman’s. Special mention must be made of “Stuffy”—Jack Hahn as Cash McCord’s ignorant, but loyal, right-hand man—one of the amusing parts in the play and capably performed, as was also the part of the Baroness, Beatrice McFarland; did you ever see such a realistic exhibition of hysterics? The minor characters were all enacted with unusual ability and a care and ease which is very rarely seen in minor parts.

The plot in brief is: An ambitious American family, the Dorsets, learn they are about to entertain royalty, and, in order to do the honors properly, two extra servants are hired. These two (Loranda and Simmons) are ex-criminals (not so very “ex-,”

Fifty-two

either) of the most satisfying type for a play. The two new servants surprise two more evil-doers (Cash McCord and Stuffy) breaking into the house, but, since they are all pals, it doesn't matter much. A plot is hatched to impersonate the Prince, who has canceled his plans, and under that cover to make a wholesale robbery. So, in due time, when the Prince is scheduled to appear on the scene, Cash McCord makes his imposing appearance. The unsuspecting family welcomes him with enthusiasm. When some jewelry is stolen, the plot is discovered by the judge, who is willing to hear both sides. Believing their story, he tempers his justice with mercy. Cash and Lil are given their chance, and all ends well.

The entire play is made more intriguing by an involved love element. As a whole, "The King Rides By" afforded a most pleasant evening for audience and actors.

THE CAST

Judge Dorset	-	-	-	-	-	JACK DREYBUS
Cecily Dorset	-	-	-	-	-	RUTH CHALLIS
Simmons (Duke)	-	-	-	-	-	CHARLES MONTGOMERY
Loranda (Lil)	-	-	-	-	-	RUTH BENZENHOEFER
Cash McCord (the Prince)	-	-	-	-	-	JACK SCHROEDER
Captain Ross Wheatley	-	-	-	-	-	PAUL BALLE
Deborah Winchell	-	-	-	-	-	SARA MARGARET MUSGRAVE
Hal Stanley	-	-	-	-	-	ARTHUR MCCREA
Baroness Dorset Daguerre-von Eschenbach	-	-	-	-	-	BEATRICE MCFARLAND
Valeria Dorset	-	-	-	-	-	ETHEL CHUBB
Stuffy	-	-	-	-	-	JACK HAHN
Katherine Wells	-	-	-	-	-	DOROTHY OHLMAN
Heralds	-	-	-	-	-	MARGARET KOLB, MARY FRANCES KOLB
Announcer	-	-	-	-	-	WILLIAM JETTER

E. A. R., '32.



The Minstrel and Stage Show

Those who attended the Minstrel and Stage Show presented in the auditorium on April 27 and 28 will long retain a pleasant memory of that production—one that was carefully prepared and capably done.

The parted curtains revealed a very appropriate setting—a dark gentleman looking fearfully at a long, towering figure behind him. In the back part of the stage, the orchestra, with members nattily attired in white trousers, blue coats, and yachting caps, opened the show to the strains of "Sleepy Time Down South." The double quartet, composed of Wayne Shaffer, Howard Rye, David Walkingshaw, Edward Caughey, basses; Charles Anderson, Harry Baumgartel, Hugh Sloan, and James Graham, tenors; together with the end men were seated in a semi-circle up stage. Mr. Bones (Arthur McCrea), and Mr. Fungus (Edward Ruff), resplendent in orange and black striped trousers, huge wing collars, and long, black coats caused no end of laughter with their verbal encounters with Mr. Mac, the interlocutor, played with a graceful ease and finish by Charles Montgomery. Mr. Bunk (Bud Murphy) and Mr. Case (Charles Schlumpf), too, contributed not a little to the hilarity of the evening. To recall every joke is impossible, but we particularly remember Mr. Bunk's recitations, Mr. Fungus's many and varied experiences (chiefly those on a "nut ranch"), the sad recital of Mr. Case's military career, and Mr. Bones's troubles with various members of the blackened quartet. Space forbids us more—suffice it to say that every moment of the show was one to be both enjoyed and appreciated. The boys in the cast deserve special commendation for the degree of perfection in which the show was given. The banter between the end men and blackened vocalists was interspersed with several solos, orchestral selections, and a tap dance by Mr. Mac, who also led the orchestra.

Fifty-four

After the minstrel, the Stage Show, which comprised the second half of the program, was opened with the chorus led by Helen Ford and Ruth Taggart giving a skilled exhibition of modern interpretation of the terpsichorean art, after which Kenneth Emmert and Glenn Kautz, as Dumb and Dumber, put on an unusual and interesting sketch, which though lacking "plot," abounded in humor. Fay McClure, Lucinda Riggs, and Jean Emmert gave a pretty and graceful Columbine dance, followed by the Seventh Grade Quartet, composed of Joe Pickett, Stanley Diggs, Granville Green and Ellis Williams, singing two numbers. A string orchestra composed of David McConnell, Joe Lanzarotta, Benny Mauro, John Ellis, and James Tignanelli, rendered several very well-played pieces, after which Two Gentlemen from the East, who, in spite of all their barbaric splendor, could be recognized as Edward Ruff and William Jetter, sang the touching ballad of Abdul Abulbul Emir and Ivan Skivinsky Scavar. Dorothy Carney showed much grace in an acrobatic dance, and Glenn Kautz with Jack Lucas gave a black-face sketch of two pugnacious, but very lazy, gentlemen. Carefully taking off her coat, James Fullman played a solo on Matilda (his bass fiddle). A skillfully executed tap dance by Freddie Mossett was followed by a banjo-guitar duet; Arthur McCrea and Russell Wright added an unusual note by exchanging instruments for their second number. Leslie Wilson, our youthful magician, then demonstrated his proficiency in the black arts with the aid of his assistant, Jack Luty; a number of interesting tricks were performed, and for a few moments, the stage looked quite international what with foreign flags being picked out of nowhere. John Ellis and William Bradley, the wandering Minstrels, showed no small skill on the guitar and harmonica in a short, but most enjoyable act. The Wooden Soldier and Painted Doll Dance, done by Mary Roach and Dorothy Ohlman, proved a most attractive bit, and was an appropriate and enjoyable conclusion to a most pleasant evening's entertainment.

Presented under the auspices of the Stage Guild, the purpose of the presentation was to replenish our much-depleted activities fund and to aid in issuing the 1932 "Sewihi." A success from every standpoint, the show was directed by Mr. Stroup, Mrs. Egolf, and Miss Copeland, and the conscientious work of the participants made for the splendid results they obtained.

"THE ORACLE" REPORTER.



Football

After a most unsuccessful campaign in 1930, due most likely to the inexperience of the players, the Red and Blue came back this year and had a fairly prosperous season. Its success was marred, however, by the decisive defeat administered by Coraopolis. Throughout the season Sewickley kept the idea of clean, heady play uppermost, doing her best to win fairly and honestly, in keeping with the tradition of the school. The student body at large, deserves the highest commendation for the enthusiastic support given the team, a factor which contributed largely to the measure of success attained in the past season. Another reason for the reversal of form rests upon the hard and thorough practices administered by Mr. Stroup and Mr. Thome. Loafing and indolence were not tolerated, and the fellows were whipped into the peak of condition by our coaches.

The season opened with a victory over Ben Avon to the tune of 6-0, the playing of Joe Cook contributing largely toward our victory. This was followed by the worst defeat of the season, administered by Wilkinsburg's excellent team. Our line was completely inadequate in withstanding the charges of the opponents' heavy, fast backs.

This setback seemed to take the heart out of the fellows, for there followed the most unsuccessful part of the season. We experienced three defeats in succession, first by Freedom to the tune of 6-0. Time after time it seemed as if we would even things up, but the Fates ruled otherwise. Then we lost to Beaver by the score of 18-0. In this game we were clearly outplayed. The Bellevue game was in the red to the tune of 6-0.

However, after some hard practice and encouragement, we braced ourselves and succeeded in outclassing both the Arnold Prep and Avalon elevens. These games both

Fifty-six

ended in a score of 12-0, in favor of Sewickley. The play of "Inkdy" Schlumpf and plucky Jim Boyd, at ends, stood out in these two games, the whole team backing them up as one cohesive unit.

A heavy Arnold eleven was our next opponent, and neither team could gain an advantage, the result being 0-0. Then came the crowning defeat of the season, administered by those hard playing boys from across the river. 18-0 was the score, but this does not give any idea of the closeness of the struggle. To wind up the season, we beat Ben Avon once more by 13-12. At the conclusion of the season an honorary captain, Bill Tiernan, was elected by the lettermen.

Although the individual play of some members of the team stood out at times, it must be remembered that success is built on co-operation, and accordingly the entire squad must be congratulated upon their fine teamwork and sportsmanship. Our most hearty thanks are due to Mr. Stroup and Mr. Thome for their efficient coaching, to Bob Cochran, who filled the position of manager most capably, and also to James Doughty and Walter Smith, assistant managers.

The first team was composed of Schlumpf, Bova, M. Joseph, Kain, Clay, Merrill, Hanlon, Wells, Boyd, Cook, Purdy, G. Joseph, Helmer, Stoffel, Wise, Tiernan, and Chubb.

The second team, consisting of Pollinger, Haley, Schroeder, Lupinacci, Ruff, Fisher, Branch, Murphy, Gariti, Shepler, and Ford, must be congratulated for their success as an organized eleven in defeating their opponents, winning six and losing no games.

E. J. R., '32.

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The Record of 1931

September 18, at Ben Avon	Sewickley	6	Ben Avon	0
September 26, at Wilkinsburg	Sewickley	0	Wilkinsburg	46
October 2, at Sewickley	Sewickley	0	Beaver	18
October 10, at Freedom	Sewickley	0	Freedom	6
October 16, at Bellevue	Sewickley	0	Bellevue	6
October 23, at Sewickley	Sewickley	12	Arnold Prep	0
October 30, at Avalon	Sewickley	12	Avalon	0
November 6, at Sewickley	Sewickley	0	Arnold High	0
November 13, at Sewickley	Sewickley	0	Coraopolis	18
November 20, at Sewickley	Sewickley	13	Ben Avon	12

Fifty-seven



Basketball

Once again the Red and Blue has concluded an interesting season on the basketball floor. Although our quintet did not finish on top, the fellows acquitted themselves quite creditably to come out in third place. In points scored Sewickley was outshone, scoring 362 to our opponents' 367.

Our boys gave an admirable exhibition of team play and sportsmanship. They were always on their toes, playing a steady, courageous game even in the face of adversity. In view of the consistent success of the teams produced since Mr. Winne arrived, we must congratulate him on his earnest, sincere coaching, and wish him and the school continued success.

The team this year was made up of upperclassmen for the most part, and accordingly the squad will be hard hit by graduation. Leaving us are Jimmy Boyd, the high scorer of the past season and one who was always trying hard; George Chubb, Sewickley's versatile, hard-playing athlete and a most capable forward; Paul Miller, rated one of the best centers in Section II of the W. P. I. A. L.; Charles Schlumpf, who, although he was out the first half of the season, came back and played a wonderful game at forward; Joe Cook, one of the best guards ever to wear the Red and Blue; George Purdy, our captain and a steady, dependable guard, and Stone, Mummey, and Murphy, who, though not regular players, always gave a capable exhibition when in the game, are also leaving. These fellows gave a fine exhibition of team play and sportsmanship during their varsity careers, and leave an excellent record behind them.

The outstanding games of the season included those with Avalon, one of which ended in a hair-raising finish, Sewickley eking out a 22-21 victory in the last few minutes of play—the Coraopolis games which have always possessed a spirit of rivalry and competition—and the McDonald game, in which Sewickley reversed opinions and trimmed a highly-touted McDonald five.

The Varsity squad consisted of Boyd, Chubb, Miller, Schlumpf, Cook, Purdy, Mummey, Murphy, Stone, and Witherspoon.

The Seconds won twelve games and lost two, to give hopes for a most successful season next year. The members of the squad were McCormick, Smith, Richardson, Ford, Hahn, Scott, Peters, and Wehrum.

E. J. R., '32.

The Record

Sewickley	29	Freedom	21
Sewickley	24	McDonald	20
Sewickley	25	Alumni	17
Sewickley	15	Langley	23
Sewickley	17	Beaver	19
Sewickley	21	Beaver	19
Sewickley	30	Bellevue	25
Sewickley	18	Leetsdale	30
Sewickley	22	Avalon	21
Sewickley	15	Ben Avon	16
Sewickley	16	Coraopolis	26
Sewickley	25	Bellevue	24
Sewickley	17	Leetsdale	30
Sewickley	30	Avalon	18
Sewickley	35	Ben Avon	30
Sewickley	23	Coraopolis	28

Fifty-nine



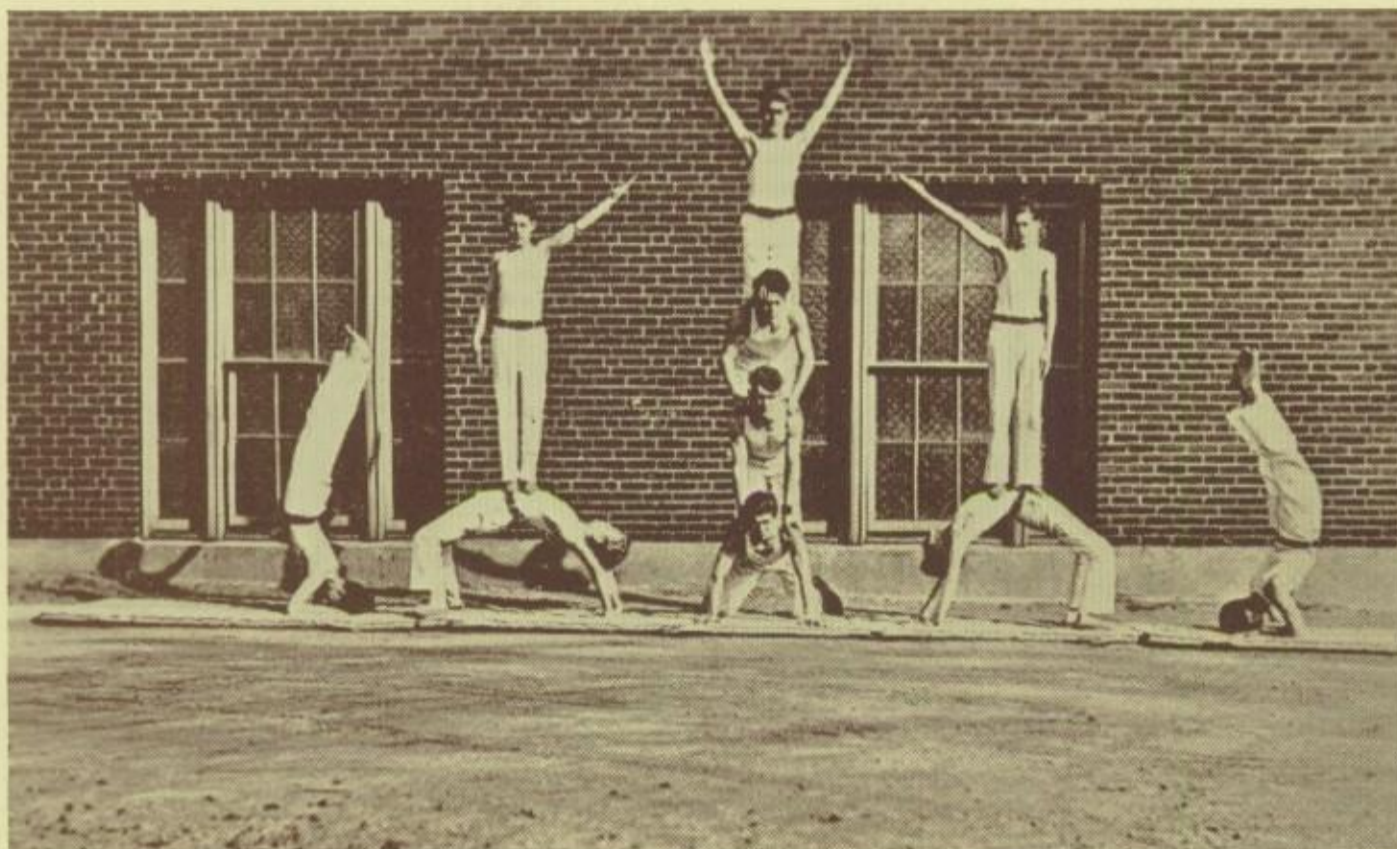
The Golf Team

The golf team has again assumed a place in the Red and Blue athletic program for the first time since 1926. The school has recognized the value and possibilities of spring sports, and in common with other schools in the county, has planned a rather extensive program. This development will go far to advance such sports in local circles.

Sewickley this year has formally entered Section I of the Interscholastic Golf Conference, and ten matches were scheduled with various teams in the county. The teams played furnished excellent opposition, and our boys deserve the greatest commendation for their excellent play. Inasmuch as these matches were for the most part scheduled for the latter period of the school year, we are unable to give the results of later matches.

The members of the team were selected by elimination, and each boy is an experienced player. Interest in the team has reached a high pitch, and as the "Sewihi" goes to press, prospects are most encouraging for a successful season on the course.

G. H. C., '32.



The Gym Team

At the close of the basketball season about seventy boys presented themselves to try for places on the gym team. In a short time Mr. Winne had selected a squad to compete with Ben Avon, and after five weeks of practice our team was in the best of shape.

The meet here was held before a gym packed to the doors with enthusiastic spectators. The Red and Blue won all the events except the clown act. The snap and the form of our boys was marvelous to see. Wilson Tiernan was the high scorer of the evening with seventy-seven points to his credit.

The meet at Ben Avon was not such a success. Our team lacked its usual snap on all the apparatus but the bar, in which contest John Mummey placed first. James Murdock came through with two firsts, one on the buck, and the other on the mats. The team made a comeback in the pyramids, which almost won the meet for Sewickley. Out of four meets with Ben Avon, Sewickley has won three and lost one. We want to thank Jane Tiernan for her co-operation and the student body for their splendid support in helping to make these meets successful.

The members of the team are: John Mummey (Captain), Arthur Sheats, Wilson Tiernan, Timothy Merrill, Jack Hahn, Jack Hanlon, James Murdock, Walter Smith, Philip Hahn, Jack Luty, and Gordon McCormick.

G. McC., '34.



Boys' Tennis

With the team strongly organized, and functioning efficiently under the able tutelage of Mr. Stroup, the tennis season opened this year with a flourish. However, the season closed with the Red and Blue on the short end of games won and lost.

The schedule opened with the Red and Blue playing against Bellevue, Sewickley being vanquished in a heart-breaking match, by a 3-2 score.

Nothing daunted by this setback we came back and won a well-earned victory over Ben Avon, by the top-heavy score of 5-0.

However, this win did not seem to pull Sewickley out of its slump, and we were vanquished in the next three matches with Bellevue and Crafton, once more by a 3-2 score.

The final game of the season was played on May 23 against Ben Avon, and Sewickley was able to wind up the season with a victory, coming out on the long end of a 3-2 score, strange as it may seem.

The members of the squad included George Purdy, Manager, George Stone, Charles Stone, Jack Schroeder, Walter Richey, and Charles Montgomery.

The Record

Sewickley	2	Bellevue	3
Sewickley	5	Ben Avon	0
Sewickley	2	Bellevue	3
Sewickley	2	Crafton	3
Sewickley	2	Crafton	3
Sewickley	3	Ben Avon	2

E. J. R., '32.

Sixty-two



Girls' Tennis

With more girls than ever interested in the game, tennis has this year become a sport under the direct supervision of the school. Heretofore there has always been a club, whereas, this season the team is organized under the following officers:

MR. STROUP	-	-	-	-	-	Supervisor
MISS KOEHLER	-	-	-	-	-	Coach
RUTH CHALLIS	-	-	-	-	-	Manager

Games and practices on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons are held on the Y. M. C. A. courts. Three singles and two doubles are being played in each match.

Two games, so far, have been played. Our loss to Crafton, 3-2, was more than likely caused by the insufficient practice which our girls had. However, our glorious victory over the Perry net team counterbalanced the loss; and with such splendid material as Ruth Challis, Helen Douglass, Helen Ford, Jeanne Lowery, Frances Challis, Mary Frances Kolb, and Betty McPherson, the hopes for victory are high for the prospective games with Ben Avon, Oliver, and the return matches with Crafton and Perry.

G. W. W., '32.



Girls' Basketball

Not only did the girls play interclass games this year, but their schedule also included games between the home rooms of the same class. Two games, alternating at the half, were played in an afternoon. The innovation of this system enabled the girls to play a more spirited game, and meant that they played twice the ordinary number of games.

The Junior class basketball team is one of which the school can be proud. For two successive years, the highest score in every game they have played has been theirs. Even the Seniors were not able to stand up under their play. Several splendid forwards backed by the close co-operation of the rest of the team are the reason for those unfailing victories; their work just goes to show what teamwork can do. Next year should see them carrying on their fine play.

The Senior team is a close rival of the Junior team. Games played between these two strongly competitive sextettes caused much excitement, for each team was determined to defeat the other. Every girl put all she had into the game, and her efforts proved not unprofitable to the score.

Sophomore and Freshman substitute lines were much longer than they usually are. These girls, being less experienced, do not know the plays as the older girls do, but they do have the pep and vigor that will make them excellent material later on.

Fine sportsmanship was one of the marked features of the games this season. The hearty cheers given by the winning team for the losers and vice versa were ample proof of this fact. Although they do keep the score in mind, they do not make score their main objective. Each girl plays the game because she likes to play basketball.

G. W. W., '32.

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The Players

SENIOR

Sally Smart
Ruth Nardo
Fern Mechlin
Adella Minick
Mary Spec
Anne Jennings
Ruth Challis
Shirley Campbell

Florence Greuey
Hattie Jackson
Dorothy Fisher
Mary Kedar
Margaret Handy
Beatrice McFarland
Gizella Wagner

JUNIOR

Helen Ford
Lucille Boyd
Jean Kedar
Helen Douglass
Margaret Greenhouse
Margaret Eckard
Emily Boyd
Margaret Kolb
Virginia Wynn

Jane Tiernan
Dorothy Ohlman
Marian Richards
Jane Terry
Hazel Norton
Ruth Neely
Reva Jane Taggart
Ruth Taggart

SOPHOMORE

Martha Harris
Virginia Greuey
Dorothy McKelvey
Rhoda Lyon
Florence Nash
Grace Richards
Catherine Pendred
Barbara Merz

Mary Meyer
Marie Thein
Laura Wallace
Louise Trudell
Josephine Tano
Jean Burkholder
Harriet Gibb
Kathryn Pfaff

FRESHMAN

Marjorie Wright
Lucinda Riggs
Janet Walkingshaw
Mary Thompson
Elsie Wagner
Anna Rupert

Mayline Bova
Martha Neely
Helen Neely
Rae McIlvain
Jean Critchlow
Jean Emmert

Girl Reserves

Those who would "face life squarely, and find and give the best" were fewer in number for some reason this year. Nevertheless, 1932 was a very enjoyable year for these faithful few. A Treasure Hunt, Stunt Night, Swimming Party, Hike, dinners, and dances were some of the many social events of the year. The biggest dance of the season and one that will not soon be forgotten was a "Moonlight Hop." Something new and interesting were the joint meetings with out-of-town clubs. Through the talks given by speakers and the open discussions at several gatherings, many problems which had been puzzling the girls were unravelled and made clear. Every program aims to help the girls live up to their purpose.

The officers through these busy times were: Ruth Challis, President; Sally Smart, Vice President; Jane Tiernan, Secretary; and Anne Jennings, Treasurer. The girls appreciate the indispensable advice of Miss Kerr, Mrs. Mahood, and Miss Roy, their supervisors. With the new ideas brought to the club by the Kiski representatives and speakers, there is promise of a bigger and a better Girl Reserve Club.

J. T., '33.

Hi-Y

Led by Mr. Borger, Mr. Crutchfield, Mr. Duncan, Mr. Dill, and Mr. Hay, the 1932 Hi-Y group enjoyed a most successful season. The new plan for conducting the discussions proved a most acceptable one. A typical meeting included dinner, followed by the group meetings and occasionally there was bowling to top off the evening. The fellows worked hard, attended the meetings faithfully, and each one contributed his ideas to the discussions.

At the opening of the season, the officers, Wilson Tiernan, President; Bradley McCormick, Vice President; and Joe Cook, Secretary-Treasurer, took charge and handled their respective offices very efficiently. The induction which was held in the fall will not be forgotten soon (at least by the candidates for admission!), and a very impressive ceremony it was. Our most outstanding social event was the joint dinner and dance held shortly after Christmas with the Girl Reserves.

Due attention having been given to personalities and activities, it is only fitting and proper that a word be said about our kitchen boys; Charles Montgomery, Jack Lucas, and Wayne Shaffer prepared the dinners, and as chefs they have no peers.

Organized to create, maintain and extend throughout the school and community high standards of Christian living, the Hi-Y has played no small part in developing most worthy and desirable traits of character. The 1932 group has striven to uphold the ideals of the Hi-Y Club, and in closing we wish to the 1933 Hi-Y a successful and prosperous season.

A. J. M., '32.

Society

The Alumni Dance

In keeping with our established custom, the annual Alumni dance was held again this year during the Christmas vacation. Colorful decorations of green and white, holly, a fireplace, and a Christmas tree gave the gym a very pleasant atmosphere. The large proportion of Alumni present was extremely gratifying, and the occasion will be remembered as the outstanding social event of the year.

Student Council Tea

Just before Thanksgiving a tea for the girls and their mothers was given by the Girls' Student Council. Very enjoyable entertainment was provided by a short program of dances, singing, and reading selections. Altogether the affair was a very delightful one.

Socials

For various reasons, the number of socials were limited this year. Therefore, they aroused much more enthusiasm, and were marked by a good attendance. One of the "hops" was sponsored by the Seniors, and the other, a Leap Year Dance given by the Junior girls, can well stand as one of the best dances the school has ever given. Although there were not many decorations, the fine orchestra compensated for that fact, and one and all enjoyed a happy evening.

G. W. W., '32.

Chapels

One of the school's most interesting years, in regard to chapel programs, has just been completed. The chapels were all well staged and coached, and some of the productions will long remain in the minds of the students as an outstanding example of superior amateur productions. The students cheerfully gave of their time and efforts in order to make this year's chapel programs successful.

Following the precedent set during the last few years, the Chapel Program Committee secured the services of various well-known business and professional men in the Valley, who gave interesting, well-planned talks on their particular occupation. These gentlemen receive the most grateful thanks of the Committee for their valued services, and we hope they will continue to favor us with their services in the future. Mr. Livingstone, one of the state's noted lecturers, gave a talk in chapel, which proved both educational and entertaining.

The program committee, which was responsible for the year's successful programs was composed of Ethel Chubb, Senior Chairman; David McConnell, James Crooks, Edward Ruff, Anna Opuda, Ruth Challis, Ralph Clay, Betty Richmond, Junior Chairman; James Murdock, Agnes Brand, Catherine Rand, Rhoda Lyon, and Christine Doughty.

Sixty-seven

The Clubs

Everyone, in no matter what walk of life, has some special interest—something aside from his everyday business—which detracts his attention from ordinary pursuits, and serves as a form of recreation. The word "hobby" is used to define that special interest. The clubs were formed this year to aid us in choosing a hobby, or some phase of endeavor in which we may become interested. In choosing our clubs we were guided by a preference for that activity in which our talent or interest could best manifest itself.



The Domestic Science Club

The many beautiful objects to be seen in the making at any club meeting bear evidence of the fine work done in the Domestic Science Club. Among the things being made are dresses, hooked rugs, quilts, embroidered work, plaques, and many other kinds of handicraft. It is quite a fad to be knitting your own sweater, and the girls take pride in making them in a wide variety of both style and design. Since not much time can be devoted to their work in school, the girls have to work doubly hard to accomplish their tasks. At present they are trying their best to complete all unfinished articles in preparation for exhibition.



The Art Club

Although the Art Club is the smallest club in the school, its accomplishments have been by no means comparatively small. Some very excellent work along the lines of charcoal and fashion drawings has been completed this year. It is surprising to see how well the club can carry on on its own resources. The art work of this publication was done by members of the club. Miss Hay offered only suggestions and advice, and in this way the members learned to be self-dependent as well as artistic. Due to the small number of members, only two officers were elected. They were: Mary Martha Drynan, President; Elsie Hosking, Vice-President.



The Typing and Shorthand Club

When this commercial group was first organized, there was a difficult problem to be solved. Every member not being able to take or transcribe dictation, it was necessary that programs be obtained to interest everyone. Finally, it was decided to have business readings and discussions which would tend to help those destined to enter the commercial

Sixty-eight

field. The latter part of the hour was spent in typing. A book entitled "How to Get a Good Position" was ordered, and made an object of thorough study.

The officers were: Gladys Hamilton, President; Mary Spec, Vice-President; Ruth Nardo, Secretary-Treasurer.

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The Literary Club

The interest of the Literary Club lay in matters which lie somewhat outside the regular school program. So reports were given of modern writers even to the reading of student-written poems and familiar essays. The short story was a popular feature. One day's specialty was a book contest calling for author's names, during which all sat down several times.

The group was led by: Anne Jennings, President; George Chubb, Vice-President; Rhoda Lyon, Secretary-Treasurer; Dorothy Cook and Joe Cook, Program Committee Chairmen; and Miss Kerr, advisor.

9

The Manual Arts Club

Mr. Thompson has once more turned out a fine group of carpenters, joiners, tin-smiths, and woodcraftsmen in his special club. The members included those boys especially interested in woodworking and carpentry. Meetings were held every other Thursday, affording the club members ample opportunity to turn out some really fine work. No special effort was made to observe rules of parliamentary practice, and so the meetings were quite informal.

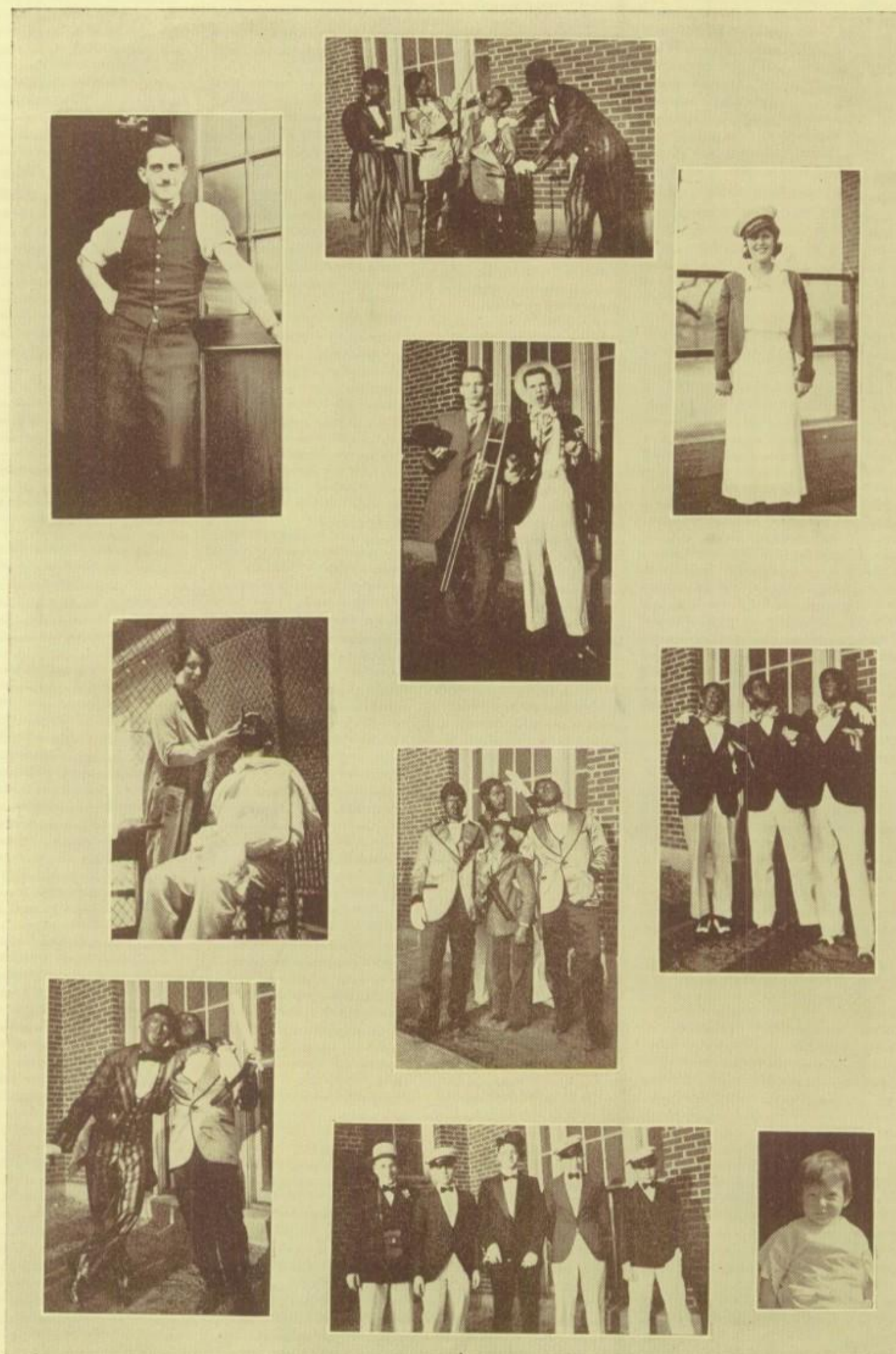
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The Dramatic Club

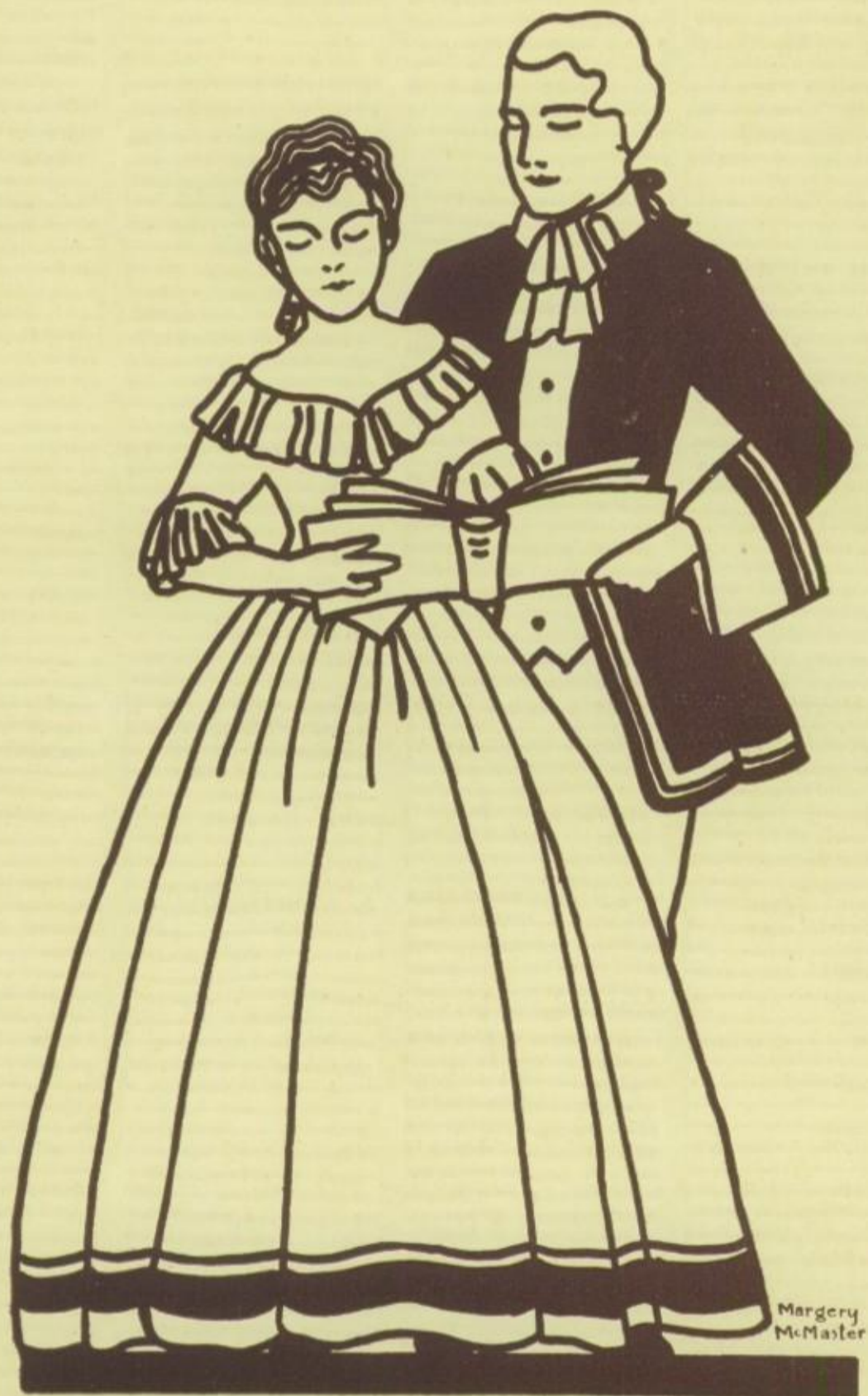
This year's Dramatic Club, under the presidency of Jack Dreybus and Ralph Clay, has forged ahead rapidly, and the results of the season's work have been quite gratifying. Early in the year, the club voted to busy itself with study and research. Accordingly, text books were ordered, and a study of dramatic history, together with views of the lives and rôles of the more prominent actors and actresses of both past and present, was made. During the programs the functions of the Stage Guild were illustrated, and short readings and sketches were presented.

The members of the club have greatly enjoyed the year, and feel that something truly worth while has been accomplished.

Sixty-nine



Pictures taken by James Fullman, the man in the lower right-hand corner.



LITERARY

The Last Lie

Lily sat on the edge of the bed swinging her feet. The landlady had just brought up the morning's mail—two letters from home and the newspaper.

"How much money have we got?" she asked, lifting a pair of curious eyes to where her husband stood at the window.

"How much?" Ted unfastened a safety pin and dug into an inner pocket of his vest. "I'm not exactly aware of our financial circumstances myself," he admitted, bringing out a slim roll of bills.

He smoothed out each wrinkled note, placing them one upon another. There were four ones and three twos. "Ten dollars," he said quickly. Lily looked at the pile and then at him.

"Not very much; is it?"

"Well, no, not much," he argued, "but there's no use in worrying. I'm certain to hear from Dalton any day now, and that'll mean a good job. His show must begin rehearsals pretty soon."

"We've been waiting for this letter ever since we came to New York," Lily objected, "and we're getting down rather low." She looked over the dingy walls of the little room. "How much do we owe on this—this suite, Ted?"

"Four dollars!"

"That leaves us six." She got up from the bed and came where he was staring out of the window. "You won't be angry with me if I tell you something I've done; will you, Ted?"

"You know I'm never angry with you, Honey," he answered, "what is it—a new hat, or dress, or—?"

"Oh, it isn't anything like that," she faltered. "It is something to help you! I—I've got a position!"

"A—what?"

"A—a position," she repeated. "Now don't look at me like that! Please hear me through. I saw an ad in yesterday's paper, and I answered it. An elderly lady wanted a companion. I suited, so she engaged me. And—and, Ted, it is ten dollars a week!"

"But—Lily," he protested wildly, "I can't ever think of you working! It's absurd. Great Heaven, if I'm not capable of supporting you I'd better go out—."

The mist in Lily's eyes formed into tears, and instantly they began to trickle down her cheek. Half an hour later Ted gave up the argument, and let her have it her way.

So the following day the girl took up her new duty. The high, little room on Fifty-fourth Street became very empty and cheerless during the long evenings, but Ted never complained.

During a summer stock season he had met Dalton, a manager for one of the big Eastern producers, who liking his type and work, had offered him a good part in one of the firm's new openings. Ted waited patiently for that position and frowned upon lesser engagements.

One morning, with his mind made up not to stand the suspense a minute longer, he began the weary rounds of the booking agencies. Here he met the first shock. It was so well along in the season that all of the stock companies had been completed, and most of the lesser companies were already opening up.

The next afternoon he walked boldly into a cheap vaudeville exchange. When a side door opened he looked up with the others in the room, and was surprised to see the manager beckon in his direction. He walked across the floor and went into the private office.

"What's your line?" the manager asked bluntly.

Ted began a wearisome explanation, and finished by saying he possessed a fair voice.

This met with the demand, "Let's hear it."

He walked over to a piano and sang through a popular ballad that was open on the rack. The manager listened and nodded.

"Pretty fair," he admitted. "I think I can place you. Of course, you understand, I can't offer you what you've been getting in your regular line. But, anyhow, a New York engagement calls for less money."

"I've been drawing seventy-five a week for the past three seasons," he finally managed to say. "But, of course, for this work I'd consider less."

"Sure thing," cut in the other. "You're sensible. There's a moving picture house over on Seventh Street that's after an illustrated song man. Four shows a day, and twenty dollars a week. Do you want it?"

Ted's heart stopped. The blood began to mount in his veins, and his very throat quivered. "I'm not that far down yet. When I want to sing ballads in a cheap picture house, I'll let you know."

He got up from his chair and started across the floor. At the door he paused. Did he say he was not that far down? Not down far enough to accept twenty dollars a week when Lily was working for half that amount, and was happy to do so? He set his teeth into his trembling lips and turned.

"I'll—I'll take the job," he said, simply, trying to control his voice. "When do I start?"

"To-morrow at eleven."

That night when Lily came home, he met her at the door with a glad cry.

"No more work for you, Honey," he exclaimed. "I got my letter from Dalton, and I'm to start rehearsals to-morrow."

"Oh, I'm so glad—so glad, Ted," she answered, her voice quavering.

And thus, almost before he was aware of it the lie was told. Nor did it die with the passing of the days. Lily's absence in the evenings only made it easier for him to keep up appearances, and he always managed to arrive home before she did.

Evenings at home he eagerly explained to Lily the events of the day's rehearsals, the people he met, and the way the work was progressing.

After he had finished, Lily would relate the little happenings of her day's adventure; what she had to eat, the long rides, and some bits of conversation that passed between her and the old lady.

Five of the seven days passed in this manner, and then, one evening returning to the room between the afternoon and evening performance, he found a letter. He lit the gas with trembling fingers. The sight of the name printed on the upper left-hand corner of the envelope sent the blood roaring to his ears. It was from Dalton.

After he had finally gotten over the first shock, he carefully tore it open and read the few lines on the sheet.

"Report for rehearsals to-morrow morning at nine, if position of second business at seventy-five a week is agreeable."

The little room, with its bare walls and its flickering gas, blurred in the man's vision. He unconsciously folded the letter and slipped it back into the envelope. Dalton heard from at last, and with the offer of a fine position! It didn't seem real.

That nightmare was over now. The lie was to be at an end. Lily would never know what had passed these five days. How wonderfully and perfectly things had turned out!

He went around to the stage entrance to meet the angry manager coming up.

"Call around at the box office for your money!" the latter jerked out. "You're fired! I hired a man I can depend on!"

Ted smiled and traced his steps to the front of the house. The lobby was almost deserted. The box office was at the very end. He walked up to the barred window.

"I'm Jenkins, the ballad singer," he said, remembering his assumed name. "I'm quitting to-night, and the manager sent me around—"

That was as far as he got. His lifted eyes took in the face behind the cage. It was almost a full minute before he realized he had been talking to his own wife.

S. J. M., '32.

The Secret Six

"The trail curled lazily in the sun, twisting about rocks and bushes like a living thing. It rapidly descended the mountain side to reach a canyon, then winding through the narrow pass with precipitous walls.

"A cloud of dust signified that a man was approaching on horseback. Just as the sun was reaching mid-sky, at the narrow part in the pass, he dismounted, uttering a low exclamation of surprise and fear. Taking a few steps, he stooped over the body of a man lying near the roadside with a bullet hole in his head.

"To the man's coat was attached a paper revealing this:

"'Revenge. The Secret Six.'

"After looking in vain for a sign of life the rider sheltered the body from the sun and birds, and rode on to find a sheriff. The Secret Six had been at work again.' "

Johnny raised his head from the book.

"Is that the end?" Frank gasped with a very serious look on his face.

"No, just the end of the chapter," was the reply. "Wouldn't it have been great to have lived out West then? We could have been outlaws, bandits, cowboys, rustlers, or sompthin'. Gosh, I can't see any fun living here in the East!"

"Do they do like that out West now?" was the younger boy's question.

"Oh, of course not now; but I'd have liked to have been there then."

"Do you think we can read another chapter to see if they found him, before mother comes and makes us go to sleep? You won't need to read so loud; I can hear all right."

"Maybe we had better not. It's awfully late. I'd give anything to be an honest-to-goodness outlaw," he wistfully sighed.

"It sure would be great," Frank answered eagerly. "There would be no more gettin' sick, for outlaws are never sick 'cept when they're wounded. There would be no more going to school, and we could hold people up and get lots of money."

"Listen, Frank!" Johnny said, rising up in bed, "let's get a gang of six kids together tomorrow, and we'll play with water pistols and hold people up. On our victims we'll leave a sign just like in the book!"

"And we can play that all day Saturday, an—"

"Boys!" came a stern, interrupting voice from below, "turn that light out immediately and go to sleep!"

John groaned; but finally obeyed. It was not long until two little boys were dreaming of a future out West. The boys met Friday evening after school in Jim Barron's back yard where no one would see them. Johnny read the chapter, and proposed the plan.

There was a shout of agreement.

"Oh, I'm gonna be Buffalo Bill," came a voice.

"I'll be Two-Gun Ike," spoke another.

There was such an uproar that Johnny was afraid they would attract attention. It was soon proposed that the boys should all have mustaches and bandannas tied about their necks just like real bandits. Before leaving, each boy swore a terrifying oath to his leader, and was ordered to return promptly the next morning at nine o'clock to the very same spot with a gun, a bandanna, and a "noble steed." The mustaches were to be fixed just before leaving Jim's back yard.

After supper John and Frank sneaked away to the cellar to prepare the signs to be attached to the victims. Red paint was not to be found; but they knew that there was some red ink in their father's desk. After stealing slyly upstairs, and getting the ink without being seen, the boys got to work and painted in red letters these words: "Revenge—The Secret Six."

Before leaving the next morning, the boys' mother sternly informed them that they were to be back for lunch and that no one would wait for them.

As nine o'clock struck, boys were seen approaching from all directions on bicycles, tricycles, scooters, skates and tongueless wagons for their journey. All were ready except Ned, who did not have a red bandanna. He had a white handkerchief but that would never do to tie around his neck to look like an outlaw. Frank thought of the red ink, quickly hastened home, and got it. The handkerchief was dipped in the ink, and waved in the air until Johnny finished making the mustaches.

Everybody being ready, they mounted their steeds and set out for the park, which had a thick hedge on one side. As Johnny was leader, he must lie nearest the opening in the hedge.

It was a nice spring morning, the sun was wending its way up in the sky, and the birds' songs could easily be heard in the still, clear air.

Mr. Glen Miller was somewhat leisurely strolling from the station past the park and going toward the business part of town. He was not a fat man—just slightly plump and seemed as if he had not a care in the world. Little did he realize his fate!

It was only an instant until several of the boys had surrounded him, shouting, "Hands-up! hands-up!" They had broken down the hedge, and jumped out on the sidewalk. Johnny, who was lying flat on his stomach and supporting his head on his hands, was a little delayed in getting up and tripped while crawling through the hedge. The pistol, which he held tightly in his hand, could not help but go off in his struggles, and the victim was struck squarely in the face.

In the meantime, the boys had been searching the man and had succeeded in attaching the sign to the back of his coat.

By the time Mr. Miller got his eyes wiped enough to see, the heels of the boys could be seen darting around several corners. They did not stop even for their steeds. Those bandits had become phantoms indeed.

Mr. Miller attempted to resume his dignity and walk on; but he was very much irritated and angry. To make it worse, he saw a giddy girl across the street pointing at him and laughing. He could not imagine what was wrong with him, because the water spilt on his dark coat front was not noticeable. He was wondering as he walked on—"Would he know the boys if he saw them again?"

Mr. Miller had some business in the city, and thought he would look up his nephew, Jack Weston, and pay a visit. He had not seen him since the reunion at the homestead about fourteen years ago. At the Weston home he told of the happening on the street.

Mrs. Weston noticed the sign attached to the back of his coat. After realizing what a ridiculous spectacle he had made of himself, he laughed, then became angry.

In the meantime the boys were having trouble, too. They must return for their steeds, fix the broken hedge up a bit, try to remove the shoe polish mustaches, and get home in time for lunch. Their ideas about bandits were somewhat changed.

It was almost noon. They must go home; but how could they when their mustaches would not come off? They had tried washing and rubbing with their bandannas; but the results were poor. If they could sneak home and in the bathroom, they would try scouring powder and soap.

They arrived at the house; but both mother and the visitor heard the boys as they entered.

"Where are you going?" their mother asked.

"Oh, just upstairs to wash," very nonchalantly.

Father came home, and still they waited for the boys to come to lunch; but no boys were to be seen.

"If that man wasn't down there, I wouldn't be so 'scared of Dad; would you? I wonder who he is?"

"Boys! We are ready and waiting," mother spoke from the foot of the stairs.

"We're coming. Just a minute, mom."

But were they coming? Their mustaches could still be seen. When they heard someone's footsteps again nearing the stairs, they ran to mother's dresser and used powder as their last refuge.

"Will you please hurry?" This time their father spoke with emphasis.

Reluctantly Johnny opened the door, and Frank slid in, hiding behind him. An awkward pause ensued broken by "So you are the ones, you—you—you little—." Mr. Miller had the words to say; but he couldn't say them.

Mr. Weston took John by the shoulders and said, "Did you do that?" Mr. Weston had already been acquainted with the event.

"Of course he did," Mr. Miller interrupted.

"Y-e-e-es, but honest I didn't mean to. Honest."

Moved, in spite of themselves, the elders delayed punishment for question. With three against them, the boys gave in even to confession of ownership of the beloved book.

And with confession came punishment: no more of the Wild West, no more reading at night, and an inglorious end to The Secret Six.

H. J. M. J., '32.

Passers-by

A London fog is at once the dreariest thing, and the most beloved by the English people. Fate brought the fog this April evening. It must have, for only Fate could be so cruel. Cabs crept along at a snail's pace; then jerked to a sudden standstill at a faint glimmer peering out of the density which betokened other vehicles, and cabbies shouted cheery cockney greetings as they passed.

Big Ben boomed One. She must be near Parliament, now. Perhaps the cabby knew where he was. Yes, he was shouting something reassuring. Heavens! What was that? Their wheels must be locked with those of another cab. Why did such things have to happen? She must be careful, very careful to hold herself in, keep from hysteria. It would never do to make a scene. Things were bad enough as they were. Shouts and lights burst forth; her cabby saying everything was all right. Then a well-known voice, such a dear, dear, voice; a voice calling forth memories to march across her mind; a voice she had sworn to avoid, and now, after only one hour—. Why was he always so petulant? How silly to ask the cabby if he couldn't see where he was going! In this fog how could he? But then maybe he was disturbed, too. If he was, could that really mean that he had not meant what he had said?

Why hope?—this was no time for hopes;—too late! Why was it always too late? He seemed in such a hurry. His voice again. What was it? She must hear. Her address? Number three Westminster Square. Oh joy! Could that mean—? Oh if only—? What was that he said? Sudden desolation. He had told the cabby to go to another address—not hers. He said his tongue had slipped. They were going on now.

A sudden impulse to cry out, call him back. No, she must not. He didn't care now. He had said . . . it seemed so long, but it was only an hour ago . . . that he didn't care. Such misery, overwhelming misery, despair! Her mind became confused with rising hysteria, nightmare scenes, spectres, words, denials, pleadings, mounting, mounting, horrors ever mounting. He didn't care! he didn't care. What was that awful pounding, pounding in her head? He didn't care. That pounding—would it never stop? Something seemed to be struggling to escape, pressing ever harder and harder. It was too much to bear. Then it seemed to have gone, leaving her quiet and cold. Colder and colder—

With a jolt the cabby stopped, clambered out, and opened the door. No stir within.

"'Ere we are, Miss," he said expectantly, peering within. Was she drunk? Asleep? He repeated his announcement, shouted it; shook her; then stepped back in horror.

At the Morgue they said it was heart failure, but Fate only laughed for she knew what an incident can do.

E. A. R., '32.

Retrospective

Our voyage is almost completed. In another two minutes we will have docked. I am rather impatient—in fact it has been thus during all the five days of our crossing. Where? When? Why? I shall be brief. It is April of 1933. I last saw the shores of France a short fifteen years ago. "Short?" you question. Yes, short—to me, any-

Seventy-seven

how. I recall it clearly. The War had just ended. The Powers had been checked. It wasn't long 'til close to 3,000,000 doughboys began their homeward journey. Tired, broken men—shell-shocked, nervous, deformed; yet, happy that war had ceased; restless to return to anxious mothers, fathers, sweethearts, and friends. Smiling countenances, gay laughter—but underneath it all there remained a repugnant memory, inbedded in their very souls, never to be forgotten. Fine men, these; the "cream of America," sent to war to be killed off—slaughtered helplessly like sheep in a stock-yards.

At last our boat has docked. Eagerly I urge my companion forward: first to the gangplank, and then to the dock. For some strange reason I seem glad to be back in France again. Why, I don't know. At the close of the war I disliked the very thought of France, and the frightful remembrances which it stirred up in me. But here I am—a traitor to my former self—happy in the expectancy of visiting old landmarks, seeing a new, and enjoying a France no longer in the toils of a dreadful and devastating war.

From the wharf at Havre, my companion and myself take a taxi to our hotel, where we remain overnight. Our visit is of such a short duration that we do not feel that we can do justice to Havre and the surrounding countryside. So, in the early morning, we embark via train for Paris.

The journey to Paris is an unpleasant one. The day is miserable, the mists and rain being so dense that we scarcely can see through our coach's window, let alone enjoy the passing landscape. There are no farmers out plowing and sowing their fields, no peasants' wives to be seen chatting over the fences, hanging out the wash, milking the cows, or performing any of the hundred and one odd tasks that befall their lot; no carefree, frolicsome children playing about in the fields and streets. Instead the wind blows, and the rain pours; the streets and the fields are deserted. All of those things which we know to be so characteristic of rural France are absent. If we did not know where we were, we might think we were back in the good old U. S. A., riding on any train from Pittsburgh to points west.

It is late in the evening of the same day when we arrive at Paris. Paris—the city of art and boulevards, the grandest city in all of France, noted for its cafes, galleries, and cathedrals, its champagne, fashions, and beauties, its intrigues and its scandals—at once the grandest city in all of France, and the most wicked.

C. E. S., '32.

Nemo

I

"Laughter, noise, dirt, confusion—these do not appeal to me. I want rest, the calm tranquillity of other days, not this maelstrom of modern life." These are the words of many an ancient person and thing today, and I know whereof I speak. My eyes have seen the naked, red Indian creep up and slay the settler as he mowed in the fields. I saw the soldiers in their blue coats march off to battle their countrymen, later—but, wait!

Perhaps, O gracious reader, you would like to know who or what I am, where and how and all about me. I shall be most willing to oblige you. My character is that of an old mill, situated on Slippery Rock Creek, fifteen miles from Zelienople, Penn-

Seventy-eight

sylvania, as the crow flies. And now that we are on more intimate terms, let us take up the thread of our story again.

As I was saying, as one of the ancient members of our modern civilization, I wish to invoke the gods that they may take away this hustle and bustle, and bring back to me my much beloved solitude and peace. Every day of the week I see people—men, women and children swarming over the surrounding hillsides, devastating the beauties of nature placed there in abundant profusion by God's bountiful hand, filling the stream with dirt and waste, mutilating me, myself, with their axes and pocket knives. Alas, let it not be said that I begrudge to people their joy and pleasure. Rather let it be said that I begrudge their destructive and vindictive natures. But enough of this. I had started to tell you of occasions in my life history—not philosophize upon the peculiarities of human nature.

I first saw the light of day, or rather was built, back in 1810, long before most of your fathers and grandfathers came into this world. My creator was an old settler, who, in his crafty Yankee way, saw the necessity of establishing a mill in the foothills of the Alleghenies.

Well, I was finally finished, one bright May morning. The spring freshet was over, and beside me Slippery Rock Creek, though it had no such name then, was bubbling and foaming between the huge rocks which make up its bed. On the steep hillsides on either side, the trillium, arbutus, and anemone were just beginning to bloom, wafting on the bracing spring air their delicate perfume. The trees and shrubs were covered with a bright green, setting off the deep blue of the sky and water. In fact, the stream leaping over the dam to burst into spray on the rocks below, the blue of the sky and the green of tree and shrub, presented a picture fit to be reproduced only by a Whistler or Sargent.

II

All was harmony and peace for several years, until one morning the master—I beg your pardon if this seems formal, but remember I had served him long and faithfully—was seized with an attack of that strange sickness known as pneumonia, and for the first time in twenty years my wheels and machinery were idle. Strange to say, it seemed as if I were not the only one to grieve, for the skies had clouded over, the wind moaned in fitful gusts through the leafy treetops, the birds and insects were still, hushed by the awful silence of an impending storm, and suddenly in its fury, it broke. With a crash of thunder and lightning, the very flood gates of Heaven seemed to be loosed. Old Mose, the master's negro servant, hobbled about, fastening everything up tight and snug as if on shipboard. Outside the rain beat down in ever increasing fury, lashing the countryside with the strength of Hercules, the wind reached hurricane proportions—howling and whistling as if possessed by the seven Furies, the ordinarily calm creek by my side became a raging torrent which cracked and rumbled over the dam, and swept huge boulders headlong downstream. And suddenly, with a scream and whistle, the huge pine, which had been the master's best friend for years, crashed to the ground, a broken thing. And amid this awesome setting my master, the best and most kind man I had ever known, died.

III

Weeks later, a jovial German from the nearby town of Harmony came and took possession of the master's home, and I took up my old life where I had left off—

Seventy-nine

grinding, turning and lifting the wheat to be converted into flour, forever moving but going nowhere. My new employer was kind, but his kindness did not contain that element of personal relationship that characterized the old master, so I worked and toiled in a state of somnolescent lethargy, seeing and hearing nothing—merely dreaming and mourning for friends of old.

Now years have passed. All my former friends have gone—passed onward to that reward which I shall never attain, since I am but a thing. Surrounding me, week after week, that Rabelaisian mob which seeks merely pleasure and thrills—caring not for the beautiful things of life hurries by. Yet I still stand, deserted and forlorn, a monument to the days of love, beauty, and romance.

E. J. R., '32.

A True Love

This is the story of a romance, foredoomed to a short life, but happy while it lasted. It was rather a strange one, for the boy was only a high school student, and the girl was a big bass viol. She belonged to the school, and as I was a Senior, we could not hope for a lasting companionship. Here's the way the story goes:

The school had procured a big bass viol, but lacked a musician for it, so I volunteered to try. We were informally introduced, and I fell in love the first time I saw her. She had the most wonderful voice, so deep, so mellow, and so true. She rarely spoke out of turn, and never, no not once, did she refuse to sing for me when I asked.

My friends all laughed when I stood up to play, but when the magic of her gentle voice touched their ears, the laughter stopped, but to be followed by a soft chuckle like the laughing of a horse. They said my passion would soon cease, but instead it grew. The longer we knew each other, the fewer the times that she cried out in pain as I stroked her tense vocal cords. I learned to make her sing more sweetly, and occasionally even to hum scraps of a song.

We were great friends, Matilda and I. Many a night we have strolled down the wind-swept streets, arm in arm, she leaning her long neck over my shoulder and whispering words of encouragement and promises of sweet music into my ear. She had but one coat, a long brown raincoat which she wore everywhere. She really needed a new one, red velvet perhaps, but I was not the one to buy it for her. Why, we weren't married, although I have been asked if we were. We weren't even engaged. We were just great pals.

But, as in every real love affair, I had a rival. Another boy began to learn to care for her, too. He, also, would caress her for hours and sometimes she even went home with him. I was jealous, terribly jealous. I fretted and fumed about, and often went to my rival's home, even, and there beneath his very eyes, courted my dearest Matilda. To each she replied in similar words, showing her love only by accents. Each suitor, of course, believed only the words she spoke to him. But always the thought haunted me, "Soon I must graduate and leave my dear to my hated rival."

I was not the only one that had a rival, though. I often played with a slighter, more agile friend of mine, an ordinary violin. She was blessed with a sweeter voice, but lacked the individuality and character so prominent in Matilda. Still, variety has its purposes, and though Matilda often grew jealous at first, and refused to sing as sweetly as before, she finally grew used to my waywardness.

Eighty

Oh, I mustn't forget to tell you about that terrible sick spell she had last winter. It came on suddenly, but the trouble lingered nearly a winter before the crisis came. It happened like this: One evening, after saying good night to my mistress, I noticed that one of her strings was strangely distorted beneath its wire wrapping. Next day it was worse, and I made a mistake that was quite serious. I took her out in the chill, damp air and for a ride of about an hour. After that she seemed to wince a bit when I stroked that string. Then my rival took her home for the night, and the next morning my poor, poor Matilda's "E" string was broken. I tried to console her, but she no longer answered in those deepest tones I so loved to hear. But soon her guardians brought her a nice, long, true "E" string, and she was again in the best of spirits.

About a month after the above-mentioned illness our troupe, the Sewickley High Orchestra, went to Stowe Township to compete with other orchestras. We rode in a big bus, and there was, for a few minutes, considerable rivalry between my robust sweetheart and the big bass drum to see who would occupy the more space. Of course she won, for she took up two whole seats above, while the drum just stood in the aisle, and seemed quite inconspicuous. Upon arriving we were sent to a room, where I found her quite calm and responsive before the greatest ordeal she had yet experienced. Although she did as well as I have ever heard her do, we were not successful in winning the contest. We returned home, more determined than ever to show the world what a real match we really did make. We worked hard together, learning new pieces, melodies, and even bugle calls. And then our supreme chance came.

Sewickley High decided to give a Minstrel Show, and we volunteered to sing a solo. At first my lady failed to respond, but finally learned to go through a few popular airs.

The night of the big performance came. The program went smoothly for the audience, but oh, how it dragged for us. At last our turn came, and we strolled out before the glaring footlights, she leaning heavily upon my arm, arranged in a very chic sailor jacket and a big red, white and blue ribbon. I was not to be outdone, and wore a tall silk hat, swallowtail coat, and white flannels. What came after that, during those long minutes before the audience, I really do not know, exactly. However, they say that everybody else enjoyed it.

But all good times must end, and only too soon came the day when I sadly played "Good Night, Sweetheart," and then "Just Friends, Lovers No More," before we parted forever. Though I live to be a hundred, I'll never forget my dear, sweet, dainty, little Matilda.

J. B. F., '32.

Book Reviews

The Colossus of Art

EMIL LUDWIG

This biography of Michelangelo was begun with an anticipation of pleasure which had been derived from reading several other books by the same author. Herr Ludwig's biographies are notably brilliant as to character delineation and historical accuracy; this one is no exception. Michelangelo, the man, is interesting from many standpoints. His life was hardly more than a series of troubles, disappointments, and disillusionments; like Burns, he set for himself an ideal almost impossible to attain; that which he did accomplish remains an achievement in itself. Michelangelo's life, however, was blessed

Eighty-one

with one beautiful friendship—that of Vittoria Colonna, for whom his only regret was that he failed to kiss her lips instead of her hand as she lay upon her death-bed. The general consensus of opinion seems to be that theirs was a love rather than a friendship. The author prefers to think otherwise; I agree.

Michelangelo was misunderstood. After the completion of his every masterpiece, a storm of indignation arose. Those who beheld the finished "Moses" marvelled at its grandeur of execution, but secretly wondered where the sculptor got the idea that the great law-giver had horns! When after years of labor, the "Last Judgment" of the Sistine Chapel was completed, princes of the Church threw up their hands in pious horror, and declared it to be immoral and irrelevant to the Scripture. He was constantly hampered by law-suits, intrigues, political and ecclesiastical tyranny, and himself . . . for when he was not working, he was plunged into a state of hypochondriosis.

The first to express mental interpretation in art, he was one of the most versatile men of his time. He painted, sketched, sculptured, and wrote with equal skill; his madrigals are unsurpassed in both poetical beauty and mechanical excellence. Yet this man, possessed of an imagination, a conception of beauty, a carefulness and majesty of execution which few have approached, died alone and almost unmourned, though his funeral was the grandest of the age.

Here, as is usually his wont, the author brings a living, vivid personality with all its complexities revealed. No less vivid and masterful are the stories of the brawls, splendors, politics, and art of the period when Italy was most strongly under that dominant influence—the Holy See. For a splendid study of a man, together with an enriching historical background, this book is one to be read and enjoyed.

B. McC., '32.

The Lays of Ancient Rome

THOMAS B. MACAULAY

Macaulay is best known for his essays, but his poetry is noteworthy because of the vigor and vivid imagination shown. He has the relatively rare ability to make history realistic, retelling a story in such a way that its realism holds one's interest. Even though all details may not be historically accurate, we should not criticize the slight liberties which he takes with the truth, for strict accuracy is rarely needed by the reader. One of the main purposes of history is to teach us how people lived and thought in the past, and unless one has an especially active imagination, and can read feeling and life into an historical account, he may best appreciate history by reading the works of such writers as Macaulay. In the "Lays of Ancient Rome" some characteristics of the early Romans are made clear. The bravery of their heroes, the populace eager to honor them, the enmity and constant strife about them, are shown by a few vivid passages.

If, after reading some of Macaulay's poems, we think of his life also, his character is strongly revealed. He was an active, busy man, and in his verse we find rapid action, vivid imagination, brief, colorful descriptions. Knowing the value of his time he neither wasted his own nor that of the reader with useless digression. The picture he draws quickly takes form and makes its impression. Then, having served its purpose, it gives place to the next. Thus it is easy to see Macaulay was no idle dreamer. He was a clear, quick, and original thinker, and his poems show him as such. As we read, we realize that our author was a scholar, for the easy familiarity with his material and

Eighty-two

allusions which he makes are ample testimony. Still his style is friendly and free, showing no desire to appear impressive. Along with clear-cut efficiency, we feel Macaulay's cordial nature. In short, to read his poems is to gain a close insight into his character.

A man's reasons for writing are often obscure, and the fact that he wrote at all may be difficult to explain. Macaulay had little financial reason for writing, but it has been said that poets are born, not made. If a man is a poet, it seems that he will write poetry in spite of other duties. We need not look far for examples of this. Burns did not have the time to write. He was too busy earning a living. Still something made him take the time. Bryant, a busy newspaper man, wrote some of our best American lyrics mainly because of the sheer joy writing afforded him. Thus it must have been with Macaulay, and to his inborn ability we owe some of our most outstanding historical poetry, "The Lays of Ancient Rome."

J. B. F., '32.

Abyssinian Adventure

EVELYN WAUGH

This is a delightful account of an Englishman's ramblings about that incredible country, Abyssinia, and its still more incredible capital, Addis Ababa. Evelyn Waugh was intrigued by rumors of the forthcoming coronation of Ras Tafari, and set out for Addis Ababa, chosen forty years ago by Menelik the Great as the seat of his empire. The coronation, to Waugh, turned out to be just a gorgeous tea party of black soldiers clad in lion skins; robed priests chanting weird, inaudible litanies; glorious pagan dances and feasts, and many mysterious delays, all ending in a burst of glory. But there were many over-laden stomachs, whose owners wondered if the pain was worth the feast.

A strange procession of Gallas, Somalis, Arabs, Mohammedan Indians, and Colonials fit into the picture so interestingly described by Waugh. The country is monotonously flat in some places, and these level-lands are extremely hot. However, the land is fertile and mountainous in the north, and carries a thrill with every turn. One sits on Hyde Park chairs, and eats barbarous, indigestible concoctions of unheard-of foods. Christianity and Western civilization rub shoulders with primitive African paganism; Abyssinian Boy Scouts memorize tests to secure the coveted Tenderfoot badge, but two members of the troop fail to appear for their test, because, as it was later learned, they were being married. Descriptions follow of the east coast of Africa and Zanzibar.

In spite of himself, Waugh became deeply interested in politics, especially in Arabia, where the British Empire maintains a "protectorate," which functions after a fashion not at all pleasing to him. According to our author, the tribal boundaries are only vaguely removed, and the Arab sheiks really rule. Later he moves to Kenya, Mombasa, Nairobi and the Congo, illuminating the dark continent for his readers.

Waugh writes with ease, and a touch of subtle humor. He is the author of two other travel books, "A Bachelor Abroad" and "Black Bodies," both of which I have read.

G. F. S., '32.

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Activities

(Continued from Page 25)

- ALBERT MURPHY—Hi-Y II, III, IV; Oracle III; Football IV; Basketball III, IV; Baseball II, III, IV; Athletics Club III; Airplane Club IV; Minstrel Show IV.
- RUTH NARDO—Basketball I, II, III, IV; Commercial Club II; Typing Club IV.
- DOROTHY PATTON—Commercial Club IV; Glee Club I, II; "The Middie Maids" III.
- SAMUEL PORTO—Orchestra I, II, III, IV; Forensic Contests IV; Manual Arts IV; Science Club III, IV; Special Music Club IV.
- GEORGE PURDY—Class President I; Stage Guild III, IV; Student Council I, II, IV; President I; Executive Council IV; Football III, IV; Basketball III, IV; Captain IV; Baseball II, III, IV; Manager, Tennis IV; Hi-Y II, III, IV; Dramatic Club III.
- ALICE PURVIS—Domestic Science IV; Glee Club IV.
- WILLIAM L. PYLE—Athletic Club III; Science Club IV.
- MARY ROACH—Student Council III; Glee Club III, IV; Domestic Science II; Sewihi IV; Girl Reserves I, II, III; Commercial Club III; Art Club IV; Bookkeeping Contests II, III; First Place II; "Middie Maids" III; Minstrel Show IV.
- EDWARD RUFF—Class Secretary-Treasurer IV; Sewihi IV; Extemporaneous Speaking IV; Debate II, IV; Dramatic Club III, IV; National Honor Society IV; Board of Trade Prize, Public Speaking III; Thespian Club III, IV; Football IV; "The Brat;" "The High Heart;" Minstrel Show IV.
- CECILE RUPERT—Basketball II, III; Traffic Squad II; Commercial Club III; Literary IV.
- ELIZABETH RYE—Sewihi IV; Dramatic Club IV; "The Brat;" Girl Reserves I, II, III.
- CHARLES SCHLUMPF—Football III, IV; Basketball III, IV; Baseball II, III, IV; Manager III, IV; Traffic Squad IV; Hi-Y II, III, IV; Athletics Club III; Dramatic Club IV.
- KATHERINE SCHURING—Domestic Science II, III, IV; Domestic Science Club IV.
- ARTHUR SHEATS—Gym Team IV; Athletics Club III; President, Manual Arts Club IV.
- GEORGE SHELDON—Assistant Editor, Oracle IV; Baseball III; Hi-Y IV; Glee Club IV; Science Club III; Dramatic Club IV; Minstrel Show IV.
- HUGH SLOAN—Orchestra I, II, IV; Science Club II.
- SALLY SMART—Girl Reserves III, IV; Vice President IV; Student Council IV; Graduation Chairman; Secretary, Tennis III; Basketball III, IV; Dramatic Club III.
- MARY SPEC—Basketball I, II, III, IV; Vice President, Typing Club III; Domestic Science II; Secretary, Commercial Club III.
- CHARLES STONE—Manual Arts II, IV; Stage Guild II, III; Tennis II, III, IV; Basketball I IV; Hi-Y III, IV; Dramatic Club II, III; Manual Arts Club IV.
- WILSON TIERNAN—Class President III; President, Student Council IV; Executive Council IV; Basketball III; Gym Team III, IV; Football III, IV; Hi-Y III, IV; President IV.
- GIZELLA WAGNER—President, Student Council IV; Executive Council IV; Sewihi IV; Art I; Domestic Science II; Basketball I, II, III, IV; Girl Reserves I, II, III; President, Commercial Club III; Commercial Contests II, III, IV; National Honor Society IV.
- DAVID WALKINGSHAW—Secretary-Treasurer III; Orchestra I, II, III, IV; Cheerleader III, IV; Manual Arts Club IV; Hi-Y IV; Minstrel Show IV.
- CHARLES WILLIAMS—Science Club III, IV.
- VIRGINIA YOUNG—Commercial Club II; Dramatic Club IV; Typing Club IV; Bookkeeping Certificate II, III.
- HELEN ZERR—Art I; Girl Reserves III; Literary Club III, IV.

Eighty-four

The Mill on the Floss

GEORGE ELIOT

I have just closed the covers of George Eliot's "Mill on the Floss"—and with no small liking for it. After reading no other book, as yet, have I come away with the same feeling: a sense of complete satisfaction; nothing lacking; no question in my mind about anything. I presume this feeling is caused by the great artistic ability of the author.

Perfect character portrayal is the dominating feature of the story. Each character seems to be alive. Their speech is natural, as are their actions, and therefore they give the impression that the narrative could certainly have been true. Also, there are definite distinctions separating each character. Everyone is marked by special characteristics, so that I feel as though I know each one personally, and could recognize them by their actions.

Another of the book's many assets is the author's wealth of words. Words are used which tell exactly what they mean, and there is no monotonous repetition. The descriptions are clear and definite, but this does not detract from their beauty.

Too, the story is not lacking in educational value. It is a thorough picture of the life, customs, ideals, and nature of the English people in the early and middle part of the nineteenth century. A comparison with our lives will make us appreciate more fully the fact that we are living in the present age. It will also tend to show how far we have progressed in education. I discovered, by noting the difference in the speech, as compared to our ordinary, every-day talk, that the middle class of people in our day are, on the whole, much more broad-minded, therefore more educated than the same class of people in George Eliot's time.

In conclusion, if you are at all old-fashioned, or interested in old-fashioned life, you will enjoy reading "The Mill on the Floss" immensely, as I have enjoyed it.

G. W. W., '32.

Poetry

A Robin

Last night, a scented rain began to fall;
I could hear it talking to the garden wall;
And yet, there was no sign of eager Spring
Until—oh bliss—I heard a robin sing!
Its piercing sweetness filled the chilly air,
And scattered fragrant promise everywhere.
I noticed that the primrose shoots had peeped
An inch above the soft brown earth, and deep.
The sun shone down with kindlier radiance now,
And coaxed the sleeping buds on every bough.
The last few remnants of the winter snow
Had gone—they knew the time had come to go.
And all because I heard a robin sing,
I somehow knew that here at last was Spring.

R. B., '32.

Eighty-five

Nature

There is one power on this earth
 That can not be undone by men.
 There is one artist on this earth,
 Whose paintings cannot be excelled.
 What is more beautiful than the setting sun,
 Or the stars in the sky having fun,
 With the men on the earth below them?
 What is there that inspires one's heart more
 Than the sun beams in the sky,
 Or the roses as they lie
 By the path that leads to the door
 Of cheerfulness and happiness?
 The wild flowers in the forest,
 Giving forth their sweetness,
 To soothe the passions of men,
 And with their fragrance
 Help to sweeten the spring air.
 Oh! come, do over-ride
 That sign of jealousy, which you carry inside,
 And with a manly sense of pride
 Preserve the trees and don't allow
 The mass destruction of the flowers,
 Given to us in lovely bowers.
 We need the flowers and the stars.
 We need the swiftly running brook,
 And the strange secluded nook.
 We need the grass and planted field.
 We need the rain that crops may yield.
 We need the sun and snow-white clouds,
 To float about the deep blue sky.
 We need the mountains, hills, and mounds.
 We need the pasture where beasts will graze.
 So be not selfish in your praise
 To one who is superior in her ways,
 Of making us happy throughout our days.

R. P. DE C., '32.

9

The Lamenting Freshman

"Failed in Latin; flunked in Math.,"
 They heard him softly hiss.
 "I'd like to find the guy who said
 That 'ignorance is bliss!'"

W. D., '32.

Neptune Quells the Storm

Destined to found the Roman race, Aeneas, a Trojan hero, has set sail, after the fall of his native city, to settle in Italy. Juno, the Queen of the Gods, fearing that the prophesied city might surpass in glory her favorite Carthage, determines that Aeneas never shall reach the promised land; she has persuaded Aeolus, the God of the Winds, to let loose his charges to stir up a storm at sea. Seeing his power threatened, Neptune, Ruler of the Ocean, acts.

9

Meanwhile, great Neptune to his sore distress,
Felt the sea stirred up from its lowest depths;
And to verify his inward fears,
His head from highest billowing crest he rears,
Calm in majesty; and looking on the deep can see
The fleet distressed and scattered o'er the sea,
With the unlucky Trojans all
'Mid mountain waves and heaven's downfall.
Not unknown to her brother is vain Juno's wrath,
Nor how she employs the power she hath.
So, with angry look and darkened brow,
Both Eurus and Zephyr he summons now.
And, reproaching, these words speaks:
"Is this the trust you in your lineage hold
That now, O Winds, you dare make bold
To confound heaven and the troubled land,
Unauthorized by my divine command?
Whom I—but first I'll smooth the watery way,
And after teach obedience to my sway.
Make haste, and to your king my words do bear—
The rule of wind and wave is not his care
But mine it is by allotted sovereignty
O'er the savage trident and boundless sea.
In his hollow prison let Aeolus reign,
And 'midst the howling Winds imperial power feign.
There let him play the king, of boastful pride full grown,
And strut, and vaunt himself upon his rocky throne."
Thus he spoke, and ere his speech was done,
The darkness was dispelled, restored the shining sun.
And then he quelled the troubled main,
And forced the deep to calm itself again.
From the rocky reefs, as he his trident grips,
Cymothoe and Triton heave the storm-tossed ships;
Then off the sandy shoals the barks he slides,
And on the highest waves with light wheels rides.

The Aeneid, lines 127-147; Translated by B. MCC., '32.

Eighty-seven

To the Calendar

Numbers you have in profusion,
Just to save us from confusion.
Page after page,—so much the same,
Yet each different as shown by its name.
Don't you tire of hanging there
While stupid people stare and stare?
Won't you tell me,—Oh! please do
About the strange things that you view,
As you hang there on the wall,
And hear the pupils one and all?
You must think, "Ah! what a shame!
For those careless remarks who is to blame?"
When the paper wads are flying fast,
And the teacher's eagle eye is cast
In darting glances 'round the room
In search of the culprit to sentence to doom,
Do you sympathize with the foolish students,
Or wonder why they don't use prudence?
—But I must stop this third degree
For you, poor calendar, can't answer me.

M. J. R., '32.

,

Ode to the Fountain

You bubble, fountain in the hall!
To you we bow because we're tall.
We hump our spines in manner plainly
Designed to make us look ungainly.
Ten times a day the sight of thee,—
White, sparkling, bubbling, and germ free,
Impels us each to stop and stoop
Undignified, half in a loop,
Protrude our lips, drink all we need,
Wipe off our chins and then proceed.
Our school would be no school at all
Without you,—Fountain in the Hall!

W. D., '32.

,

Advice

Lives of Seniors all remind us
We should try to do our best,
And, departing, leave behind us
Notebooks that will help the rest.

B. MCF., '32.

Did You Ever Hear the Story

Did you ever hear the story of how Ireland got its name,
Of how Jack and Jill went up the hill and then fell down again,
Of the three bears going out walking on a sunny summer's day,
Of how small Boy Blue fell fast asleep under the new-mown hay?

Did you ever hear the story of a school-boy's wails and woe,
Of the scoldings and the spankings for the things that weren't just so,
Of his silly pranks and tricks that wake others with a start,
Of the fair damsel whose azure eyes have pierced into his heart?

And did you hear the story of the latest piece of scandal,
Of the flier who was wrecked because he happened to lose a handle,
Of the newest kidnapped victims or something of the same,
Of the latest move upon the checker-board of the governmental game?

Why, yes, of course, I've heard them all, laughingly you say,
And all the fairy tales of yesterday with the newest news of today,
Of all the kidnapped babies and lost fliers both I know,
And even of all the divorces that are going on in Reno, too.

But, did you ever hear the story of how hard it is to get
The Sewihi all published, and everything all set?
Of the worry and the flurry that goes on behind the scenes,
When everyone is trying hard to find a way and means?

Did you ever hear the story of the lack of funds and interest,
And of the reading and re-writing during the days of long unrest,
Of the task to get the stories and everything all done?
Well, no, of course you didn't, and it's not a bit of fun.

So if you've never heard this story, please, my dear, take care,
And when the next Sewihi is published, make sure you do *your* share.
Because, of course, you all can see that it would be the best,
If you desire your Sewihi to be a great and grand success.

M. L. MCM., '33.

•

The Student's Prayer

Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I won't have any exams to take.

B. MCF., '32.

Eighty-nine



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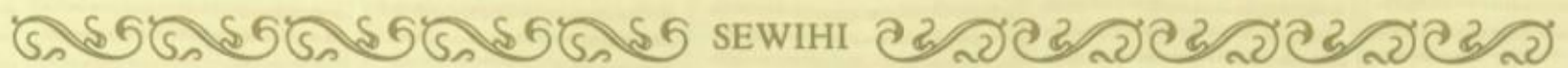
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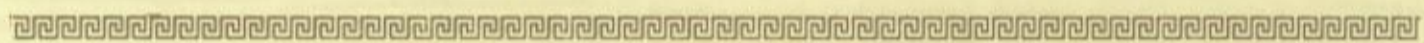


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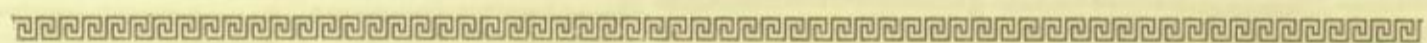
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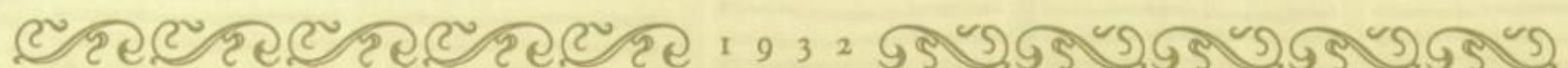


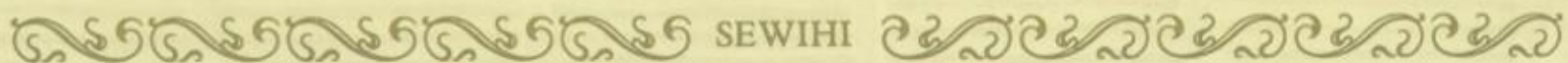
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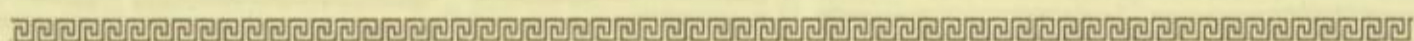
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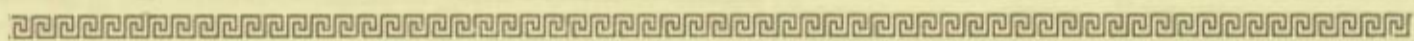
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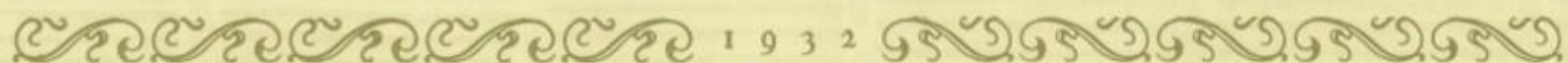
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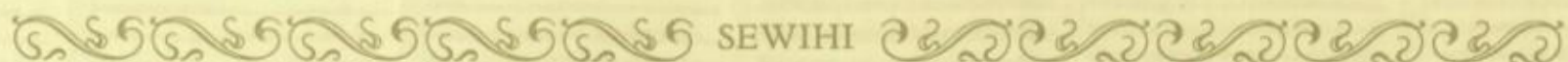
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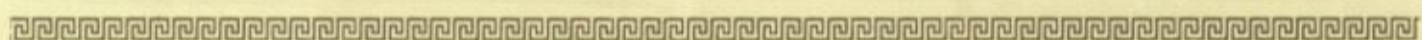
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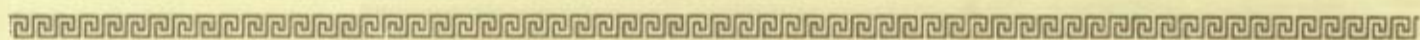
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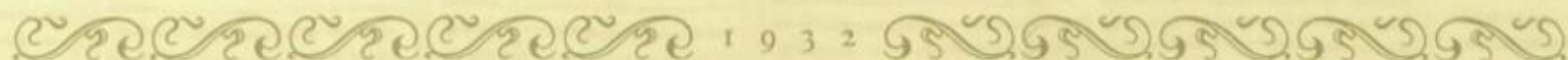
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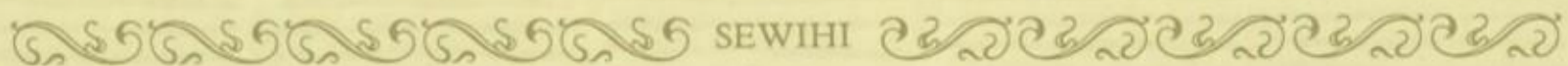
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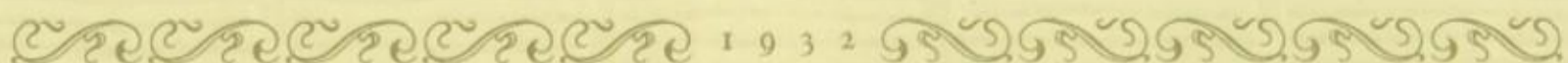


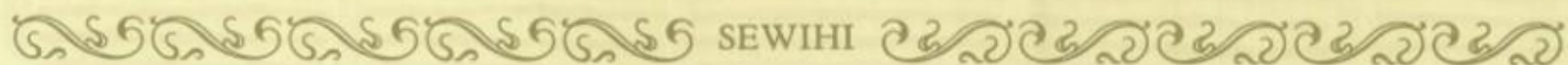
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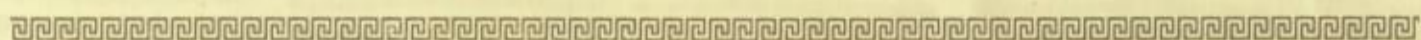
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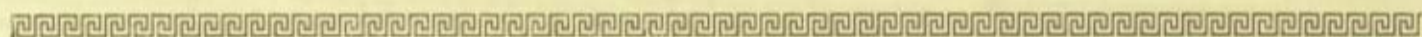
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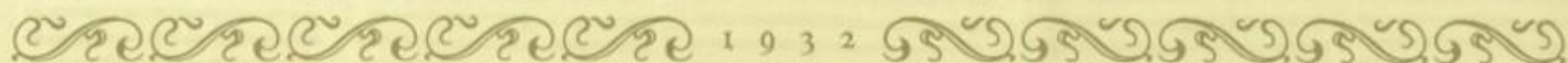
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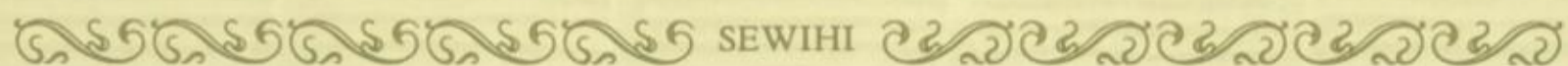
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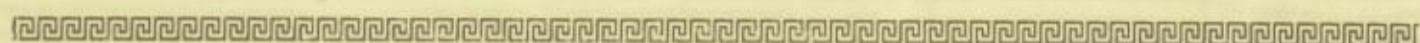
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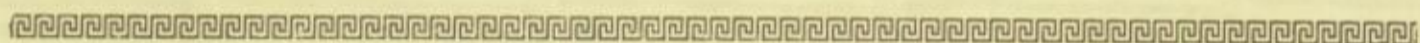


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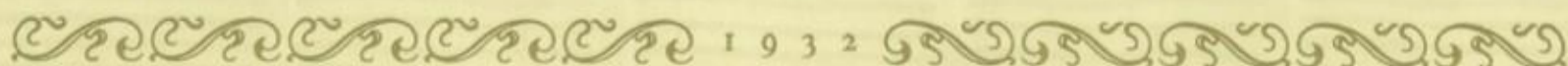
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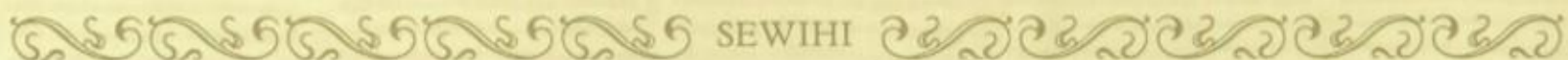


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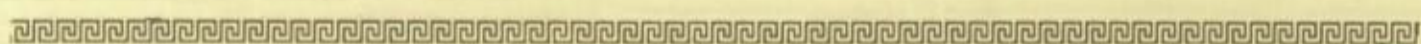


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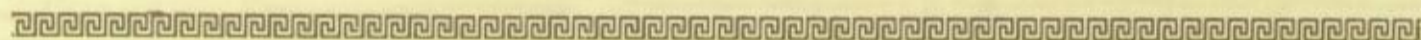
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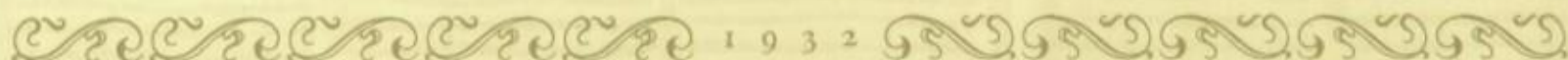
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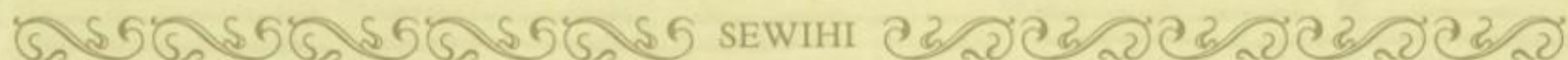


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Ninety-eight





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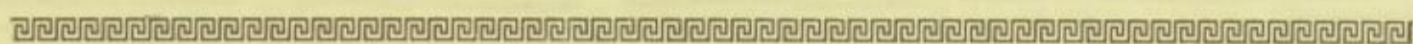
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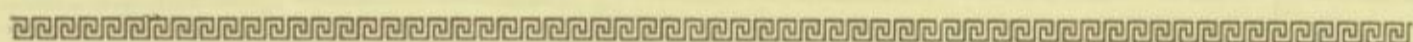
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ENGRAVERS



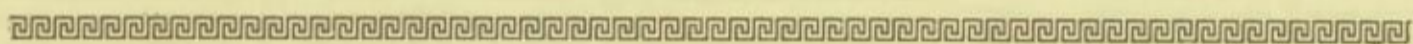
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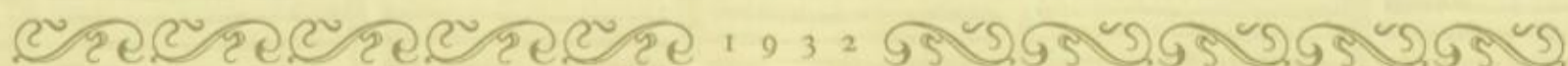
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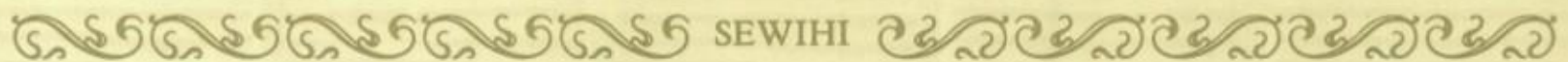


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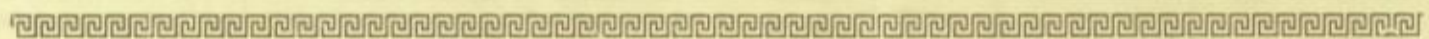
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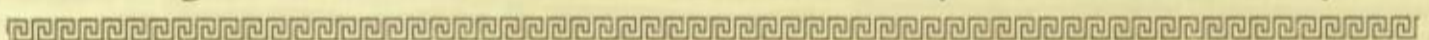
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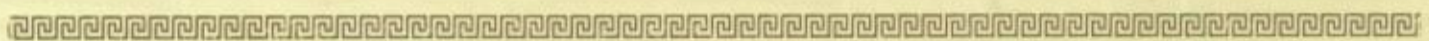
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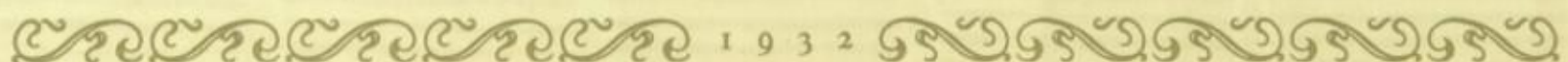
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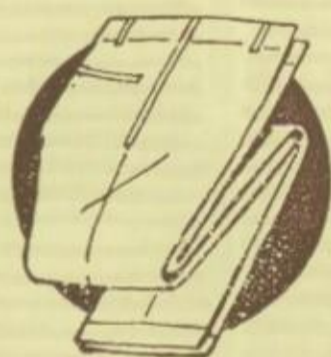
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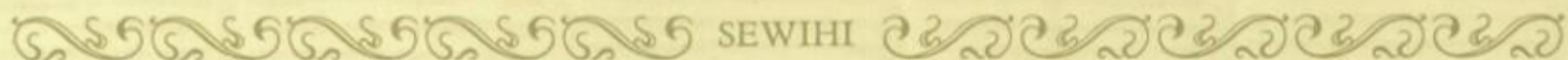
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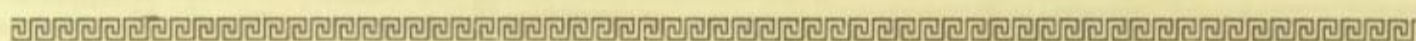
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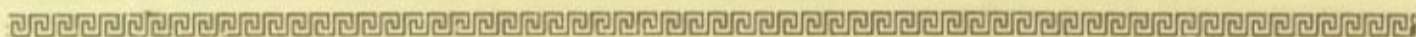
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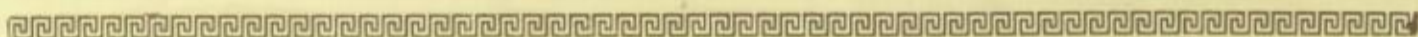
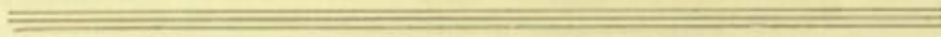
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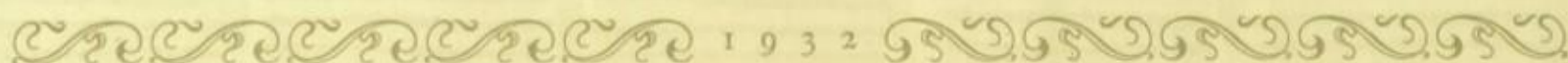
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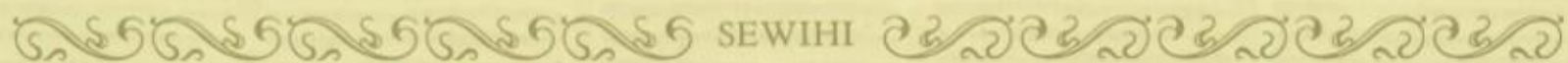
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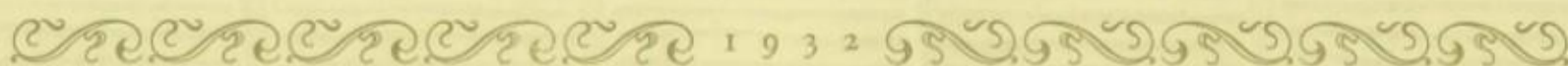
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